The Saturday Review of Literature

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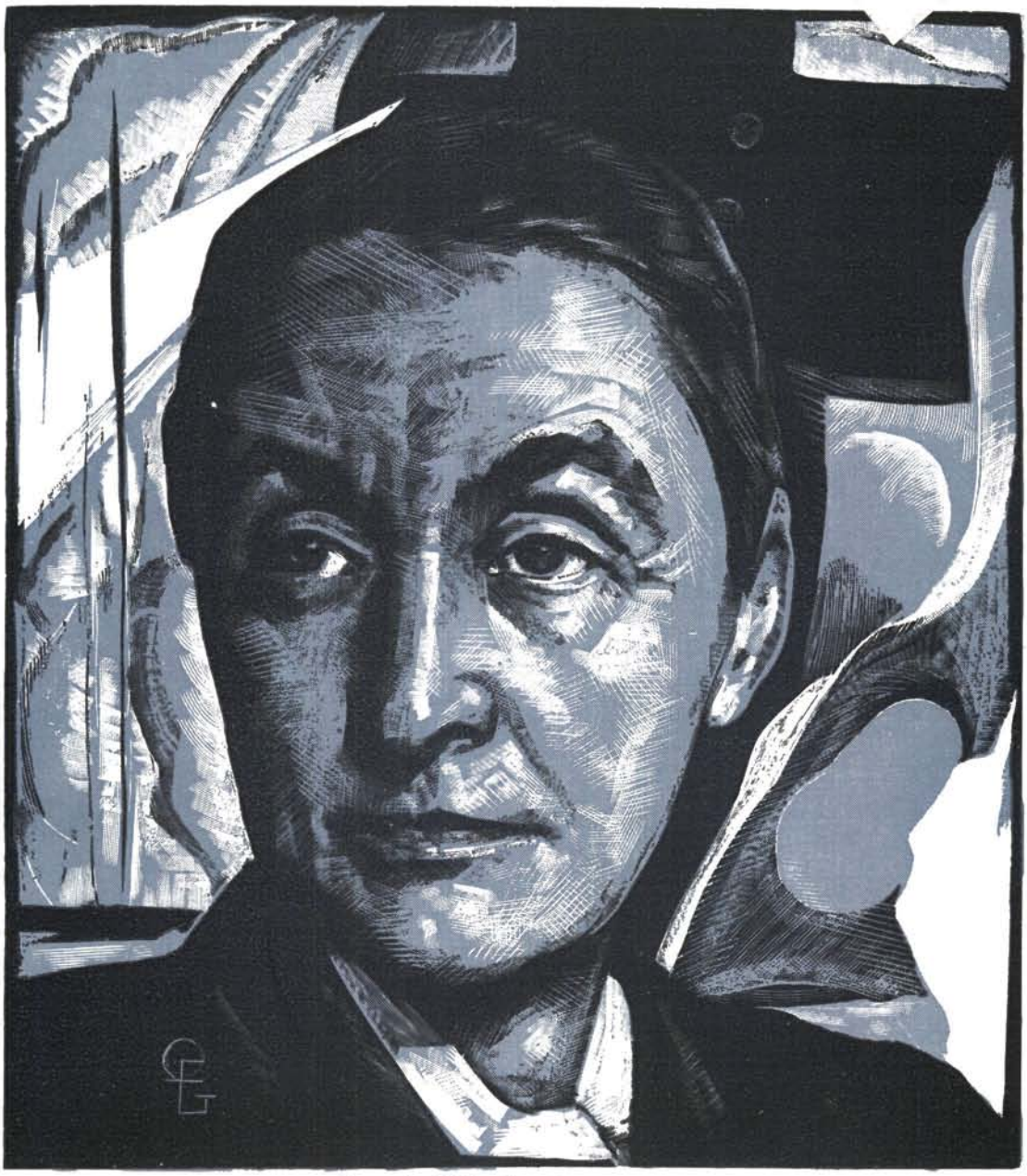

Georgia O'Keeffe. *(See page 14)*

The Slave: A New Image

By H. A. OVERSTREET

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buds know better than books don't grow

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, in our memory, immortalized the occupational tic in *Modern Times*. And though the tics of publishing take place at a somewhat different level of consciousness, they are nevertheless there. For example, we have a tendency, at 1 or 2 in the morning, to come upon what seems at the moment the greatest piece of writing in the English language. It may be prose or it may be poetry, it really doesn't matter. The thing is that this happens so often we regard it as a sort of occupational hazard and are fully prepared to view this paragon with suspicion the next morning. When, on occasion, a piece seems good on the first cup of coffee we know it has a certain merit. If it can last through cup #2 it is above average. But if the words still sing in our head when we have had a long look at life over the rim of another day (cup #3) it's good.

This has been happening to us for a long time now with E. E. Cummings, except that even in the most hateful early morning hours we have not the slightest doubt as to the value of our judgment. For our money, Mr. Cummings is the poet counterpart of a good Mephistopheles whose business is not the renewal of one man's youth but the renewal of the youth of a whole language—which is very dear to us.

The problem of the artist who rebels at formal, conventional patterns of the past through necessity is not a particularly new problem. It has been met by many different artists in many different ways. But the way of Cummings is a way to rare freshness and beauty and lyricism; he has built himself a new language within the old. And the curious thing about his break with old forms is that he is a highly "formalist" poet. Every poem has shape and pattern and the shape and pattern are part of the poem, not a mould which the poet contrives in advance to make something formless look as if it had form. Take an example: the beautiful sonnet "pity this busy monster, manunkind,". It is only after several readings that you realize it is a sonnet, because it is first of all a poem, and the sonnet pattern is *in* the poem, not merely surrounding it.

Well, Cummings is an innovator, and people still say he is hard to read. It is, we confess, easier to read complicated poets whose language is unclear because their emotions are also unclear. It is always hard to read the precise, the simple, the original. Cummings is all three of these.

In I X I, which we published in 1944, there is a fair display of these three qualities. And along with some of his finest love lyrics ("we are spring") there is, too, the sharp satire ("mr u will not be missed") he does so well. We personally think it is a book not to be without if you are at all the sort of person who wakes up in the morning with lines of every-anything skipping through your head.

But we are good kind people, and since you may very well read these words on a hot summer day we will not try to be erudite on "what is Cummings?" Instead, here is the last poem in the book:

if everything happens that can't be done
(and anything's righter
than books
could plan)
the stupidest teacher will almost guess
(with a run
skip
around we go yes)
there's nothing as something as one

one hasn't a why or because or although
(and buds know better
than books
don't grow)
one's anything old being everything new
(with a what
which
around we come who)
one's everyanything so

so world is a leaf so tree is a bough
(and birds sing sweeter
than books
tell how)
so here is away and so your is a my
(with a down
up
around again fly)
forever was never till now

now i love you and you love me
(and books are shuter
than books
can be)
and deep in the high that does nothing but fall
(with a shout
each
around we go all)
there's somebody calling who's we

we're anything brighter than even the sun
(we're everything greater
than books
might mean)
we're everyanything more than believe
(with a spin
leap
alive we're alive)
we're wonderful one times one

We think you'll be as delighted as we are to know that Holt will publish a new Cummings piece for Christmas called SANTA CLAUS (A Morality).

I x I

By E. E. CUMMINGS

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Slave: A New Image

H. A. OVERSTREET

HITLER has redeemed the word "slave." He has made us see that slavery is nothing to be ashamed of.

Slavedom, he has made us remember, is a condition imposed from the outside; and in the last analysis, no condition imposed from the outside can rate the victims as low in the scale as those who made them victims. The Frenchman who goes back to his village will, in some later day, say to his grandchildren, bitterly but proudly: "Once I was a slave." He will tell of insults, beatings, of working under harsh overseers, of being starved into submission; but he will tell these things with a remembering pride in his tough power to survive. His grandchildren will be proud to be the offspring of this man who was once a slave.

It is time to take issue with the whole curious habit of making outside conditions something to be ashamed of; time to reevaluate the image of the slave. The condition of slavery proves only that time and again there have been people who have had physical and legal strength without moral scruples.

Nothing in modern history—before the Hitler days—is darker than the African slave trade. It was conducted by whites, and it is something for whites to be ashamed of. It is nothing for colored people to be ashamed of.

Yet there is a tacit assumption that Negroes of today have, in their slave background, something they need to live down—as a newly rich woman hides the fact that her father was a saloonkeeper. But there is, in slavery, nothing for Negroes to live down. White men, in their mood of mastery, committed some of the cruelest acts in history. They were man-hunters—brutal, conscienceless, and hypocritical. They searched out texts in their holy Bible to justify their abominations. Never did hypocrisy wear so mean a face as among Christian slavers.

There is nothing in his slave ancestry for the Negro to be ashamed of. Rather he has reasons to be proud. Not only did his ancestors have the stuff in them to survive the hardships of slavery, but they were vital enough to impress the pattern of themselves upon their masters.

"My grandfather was a slave," could be a bitter proud boast on the lips of a Negro today. He could say to his white hearers: "I've got something you white people don't have. I've got a sorrow to keep me humble . . . sorrow for the old folks who never knew freedom. You white people don't have a humbling sorrow like that; you have only a shame to forget—the shame of having made people into slaves."

When we look back upon Greece, the negative comment we make upon her civilization is never one against the slaves; rather it is against those —the aristocrats—who were willing to live with lily-white hands while the slaves did the menial work. We can never quite forgive the Greek philosophers for condoning slavery. Perhaps the time was not yet ripe for revolt against this war-born and brutality-born institution; but there is something tarnished in the greatness of a thinker like Aristotle who could calmly declare that "some men are born to be slaves." When we remember Phidias, the slave, carving his incomparable marbles on the Acropolis, we realize how completely slavery has been something from the outside, imposed by the arbitrary will of the physically and legally powerful.

We have a careless way of accepting history as history is handed down to us. But it is well to remember that historians in the older centuries never wrote the full history of man. They left out what was most important: the history of working people and slaves. They left this part of the story out because the task of the historians was to write for the members of the ruling classes. They had to recount the deeds, maneuvers, conflicts — in politics and war—of those who alone counted as important. If they wrote of common folk, they had to write of them with the condensation and disdain expected by their readers. Thus they could not write sympathetically and searchingly of the miserable slaves in the silver mines of Athens, nor of the wretched victims of patrician cruelty in Sicily and Rome. These "proletaries" were regarded with contempt or at best as negligible. Cicero was the bitter hater of everybody who was too poor to live without manual toil. For Spartacus, the heroic gladiator who led the slaves in rebellion against their owners, he had the same kind of contempt that a hireling corporation lawyer has for a union organizer. (What high-school boy in his Latin class, however, learns that this was the kind of man Cicero was?) When Latin historians wrote of Spartacus—who was not only a labor leader but a brilliant military strategist—they made no effort to understand him and the cause he was fighting for but used angry epithets—"robber," "run-

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away," "deserter," "barbarian." Cornelius Tacitus speaks of the successes of Spartacus as shameful and humiliating.

Thus history has been slanted away from the working people and slaves; and the things we have been taught by the ancient historians to think of as the major concerns and attitudes of humanity have been merely the major concerns and attitudes of the master classes.

The basic story of man was never written by the ancient historians, for this story has to do with the patient efforts of man to learn the nature of the materials at his command, to shape them to his needs, to bring out of the world the resources of its wealth for the uses of life, to relate man to man in the cooperative pursuits of peace.

It was the workers and slaves who were assigned this necessary job. Held under compulsion by the aristocrats in the "big house" on the hill, they had to learn the ways of the soil, the strength of materials, the right ways and the wrong ways of piling stone on stone, of carving beauty, of joining sound to sound for men's pleasures, of putting figures and words on parchment, of working together. As a result, they learned cleverness of hand, keenness of perception, subtlety of emotion, artistry in communication, cooperation in accomplishment. They grew strong with skill in the things that mattered, while the political leaders and lawyers and soldiers grew strong in the "gentlemen's" arts of military strategy, litigation, and political maneuvering.

When the full history of man is written, it will show by glaring contrast the characteristic habits of mind developed among the ruling, exploiting, law- and war-making classes—of arrogance, conceit, callousness, self-excusing, power-seeking and lust—as over against the hard-won intelligence, skill, and moral sensitivity of those forced by their owners and rulers to do the difficult work of the world. Evil habits of mind and emotion developed among these lowly folk as among all people of the world. But because they had no license to use ruthless power over others, they were saved from the grosser vices of the master classes. It is a fact not to be disregarded that the moral sensitivity of Christianity had its strong support chiefly among slaves and workers.

Some day we shall learn that the significant history of man comes out of those of whom the ancient historians seldom spoke except with irritation and disdain. Out of this silent throng have come the solid achievements of industry, science, and art. For it is worth remembering that in the ancient world, while historians came from the upper classes, architects, sculptors, musicians, teachers—even stray philosophers like Socrates and Epictetus—came mostly from the working classes.

It still must rate as one of the most unexpected achievements—utterly out of keeping with the tradition of ancient historians—that the Hebrews wrote the history of a slave rebellion. In that history the slaves were the heroes. Out of that slave rebellion came the Ten Commandments of a new moral order. Later, another history was written—again by Hebrews. This time it was the story of the short span of life of a workingman. The story of Christ, the carpenter, surpasses in significance the histories of all the military adventurers and lawyers and political maneuverers of all time.

To be known as having come out of the background of workers and slaves is apparently nothing to be ashamed of.

THE white race has got itself caught in ancient prestige-images. The historians, as we have said, were largely to blame for this. They reported the stories of the master men and women of the ancient days—kings, queens, nobles, generals, and political leaders—the people who lived in the castles and on the big estates. The white man's schools and colleges have taken this kind of history to be the supremely significant story of man and have made the images of rulership and mastership stick in our minds. Prestige has been seen to come from the ability to be high in the scale of ownership and command. Hence the white man's civilization has patterned its spiritual self not on the lowly but on the mighty and proud.

The Negro had a surer spiritual sense. He took the story of the slave rebellion in Egypt as the central story in history. Unlike the whites, he emphasized the fact that it was a *slave* rebellion. The whites have never been accustomed to speak of it as a labor strike—a walk-out, a collective rebellion of shamefully exploited workers—but chiefly as a supernatural episode that revealed the power of God. Again, the Negro had a sure spiritual sense in his adoption of Christ, the carpenter. The white man adopted Christ chiefly as a supernatural agent for effecting his admission into heaven. The Negro adopted Christ as a friend and symbol of the lowly.

Spiritually, it is a dangerous thing

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES

The assorted dreams and nightmares of 10 literary characters are briefly described below. Can you identify each character and the story in which he appears? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. In 2000 A.D. this Bostonian dreamed one night that he was living back in the economic dark ages of 1887.
2. Kidnaped in childhood by a gypsy band, she dreamed, some years later, of dwelling in marble halls with vassals and serfs at her side.
3. Every night for 25 years, by "dreaming true," this convict and his sweetheart met in their dreams and re-lived every pleasurable event that either had ever experienced.
4. This official dreamed, among other horrible things, that, dressed only in a shirt and black silk socks, he was pedaling across Salisbury Plain on a bicycle.
5. This amateur psychoanalyst's interpretation of her sister's dream of being a hen nearly broke up her own marriage.
6. In a dream her dead lover appeared and told her that her brothers had slain him and hidden his body in a forest.
7. Impoverished by war, she had a constantly recurring nightmare about running through a thick, swirling mist, frantically seeking security.
8. This sinner dreamed of a white cloth covered with scarlet stripes, each one representing a child born in sin, which could be washed away only by earnest prayer.
9. The night before her husband was stabbed to death she dreamed that she saw his statue spouting blood from a hundred places.
10. After reading the words "Under the palm tree" in the Bible, she dreamed that her long-lost husband was in heaven.

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to get our prestige-images mixed. To believe in democracy and yet look nostalgically to the rich slave-owners on the hill as the carriers of culture is to be muddled about human values. If democracy is a repudiation of power-over-others, then the rich slave-owners on the hill were not the carriers of a fine culture, however impressive their "gentility" may seem. Rather they were the creators and perpetuators of an evil culture: of mastery, arrogance, and self-indulgent privilege.

When we get our prestige-images straightened out, we realize that the Negro has one advantage over the white: he comes out of a people that have no past to be ashamed of.

No politically organized ancestors of his in this American land lived in comfort on the hard work of slaves, or built the graces of their life out of the humiliation and degradation of victims. No ancestors of his separated mother and child, husband and wife, on the auction block, or hired overseers to apply the lash. No ancestors of his deliberately denied education to their workers lest knowledge make them strong. And none of his people ever took away from others justice before the law and the right to cast a free man's ballot.

The Negro can be proud of the clean record of his past. He can be proud, too, of a people who, catapulted into freedom, homeless, landless, utterly without education or knowledge of the white man's world, have managed in a few decades not only to make a place for millions of themselves but also to produce poets, novelists, musicians, scientists, political leaders, and educators who rank with the creative minds among the whites.

The Negro comes out of a workers' background. This can rightly be his pride. His enslaved ancestors knew the secrets of growing things. Their fingers were apt in the uses of wood, stone, and metals. They were husbandmen and craftsmen. But they were never merely uninspired hewers of wood and drawers of water. While they worked they sang music unparalleled in folk history. In Jean Toomer's words, they were a "song-lit race of slaves."

Not all of his ancestors were wise and gifted. This would be too much to ask of any people, white or colored. But the spirit of Negro life has contributed something to the heritage of man that we may not safely lose. It is a heritage that the Negro may claim as his own.

H. A. Overstreet is professor emeritus of philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

Still the Sad Sack

THE NEW SAD SACK. By George Baker. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 148 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by Pfc. Arthur C. Fields

WHEN George Baker created the Sad Sack, he probably had no idea that he had popped open a gold mine. The Sack was a little fellow; he was continually being victimized, and he was unhappy. He lacked the sparkle and gusto of his dominating cartoon buddies. He lacked their wit and gaiety. He even lacked a job. For, as the subject of a cartoon, he was just starting out, and neither he nor George Baker knew if he would ever make a go of it.

And then a strange thing happened. Sad Sack started appearing in *Yank*. There was nothing spectacular about his debut—the drawings were scattered here and there, on one page or another. But all through the Army there were misfits—men who still remembered the comfort of civilian clothes, or yearned for a taste of home cooking, or who didn't like regimentation, and to these men, the Sack was the personification of themselves. In his battered, beaten countenance he expressed far better than words ever could the woes of those men.

From then on, the cartoon hero was a success. *Yank* ran him as a full feature and then incorporated him into its twenty-one different editions. Pictures of him became so popular that promotion material was issued by the main office which read, "Subscribe to *Yank* and See the Sad Sack EVERY WEEK." And that was where the trouble started.

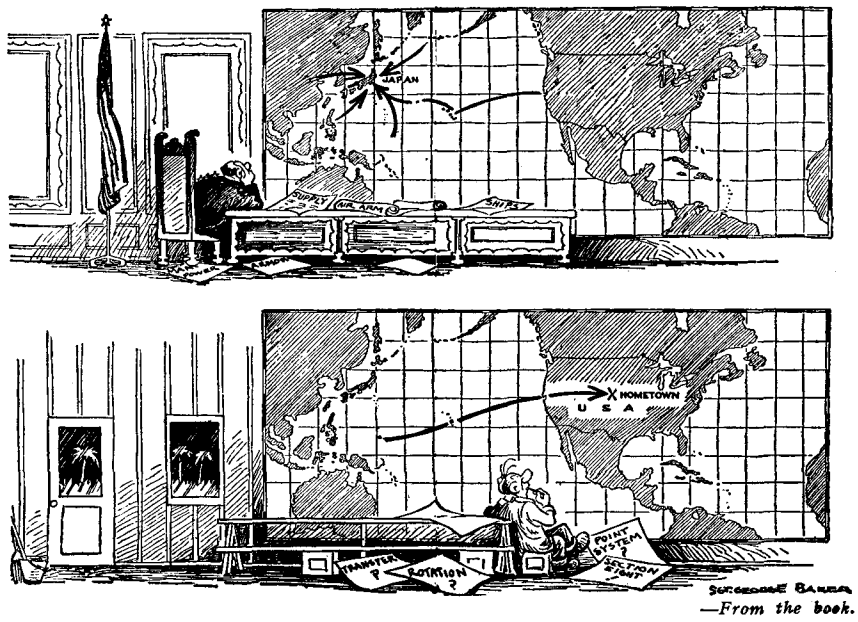
For the Sack was world-famous, and the better known his character became, the more Baker had to strive to tone down his little man so that he would remain the pint-sized runt who supplied the mass working force behind most of the KP and latrine details in the Army.

In addition, the author had to contend with the problem of conceiving common themes that would be the daily menu for the entire Army—gripes and situations that could be understood in every theater of war. Men in the Aleutians might be apathetic concerning the dangers of the anopheles mosquito; the coquettishness of the French femmes would be foreign to the men in the CBI, and the heat of the Persian desert would lack appeal for the amphibious forces.

The result was probably the greatest emphasis ever laid in the field of cartoons on sheer personality. Rather than merely depend on situations that were unique to one environment, Baker developed the character of his creation to a point where it was the Sad Sack's emotions that were the common element.

It is a good thing that this book appears now, after the fighting is over. For if Mauldin was the supreme portrayer of the dirty, grimy, combat soldier, then certainly Baker excels in depicting the tribulations of garrison life and the deadly routine of the Army. KP, guard, and latrine duty—details that were neglected during the heat of the combat—are now routine again in training camps throughout the country. Once again Baker rises to champion the bewildered soldier sweating out his duties in the United States.

CONFLICTING CAMPAIGNS



—From the book.

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A Depressionless America

TOMORROW WITHOUT FEAR. By Chester Bowles. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 88 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by ROBERT R. NATHAN

AS Chester Bowles states in the foreword to his book, he is not a professional economist, and the facts and ideas which he has gathered and presented in his book are not startlingly new. His thesis as to why we have depressions, how they can be overcome, and what the future *can* hold in store for America is not essentially distinctive or radical, nor is it developed in any blueprint detail. Yet this book rates a top must on the reading list of every thoughtful American. It is the clearest and most persuasive book yet written in support of the only kind of economic program which can assure sustained prosperity without compromising the basic principles of our economic system.

Bowles has accomplished what few economists have been able to do. Most economists write either on abstract or highly technical subjects or they clothe their policy proposals in such mystical language as to preclude popular understanding of what they are trying to say. If there is one just criticism which can be made of economists with respect to their contribution toward the solution of our economic problems it is their failure to translate such problems into everyday language and understandable principles. Whenever a so-called professional economist strays from the fold and writes in popular terms, his "pure" brethren are inclined to be severely critical because not each and every condition, limitation, and qualification is spelled out to the last degree.

In "Tomorrow Without Fear," a former businessman who "has met a payroll" and who has learned about the complex operations and the weaknesses and strong points of our economic system in the rough and tumble of the business and government world rather than in graduate courses has truly succeeded in writing a short, readable, and illuminating book on the economic problems which we face. Chester Bowles has always displayed a happy faculty of writing and speaking at the layman's level, and this is nowhere better revealed than in "Tomorrow Without Fear." Technical terms and complicated explanations find no place in this publication, which reads more like light fiction than an economic treatise.

The chapter entitled "Why We Bogged Down" is a masterpiece. Here, within less than ten pages, Bowles undertakes to explain the prosperity of the twenties and the ensuing depression of the thirties in such a way as to make it simple and meaningful to every reader. Of course, there are little niceties of refinement and involved details which have been neglected or, more properly, purposefully sacrificed in favor of clarity. In order that the average man and woman can understand the reason for the depression, such sacrifice in precision is a small price. Bowles set out to write a book for Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen and he has certainly succeeded.

As one major thesis, Bowles has revealed the tremendous potentialities which lie ahead of us if we will but open our eyes and use our heads as well as our hands. There is drama and feeling in his description of what the future can hold in store. One experiences a sense of exhilaration and of great potential power in reading about the resources and the economic possibilities which can be derived from the application of our resources.

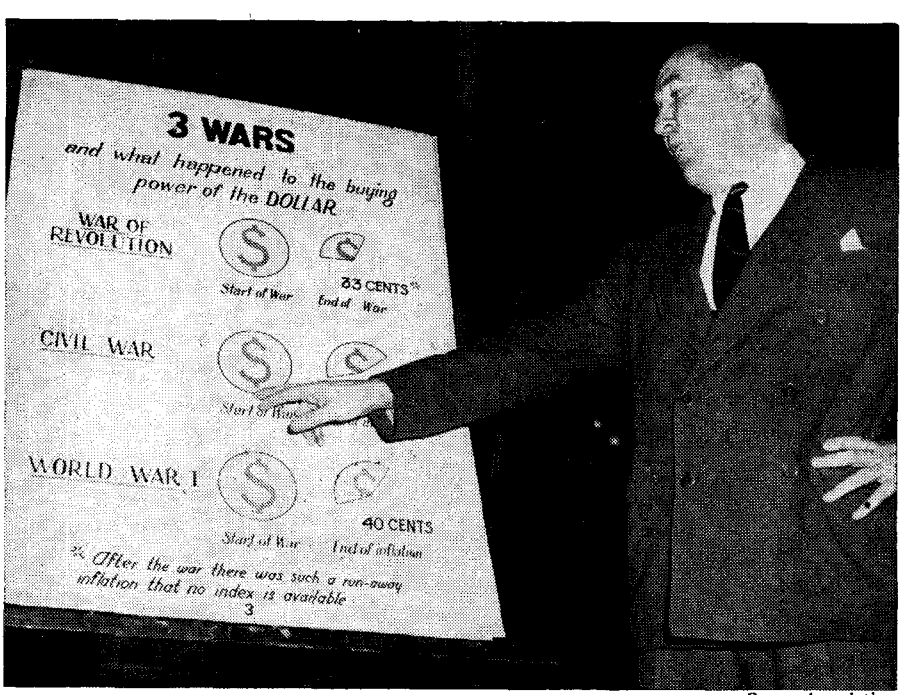
Had Bowles's book been confined merely to presenting facts and figures on the possibilities ahead, it might justifiably have been characterized as presenting only a pious hope. But that is merely his starting point. He proceeds to spell out the way in which these objectives can be achieved. His proposals are rooted in an intelligent appraisal of the past and carry a sense of conviction.

Bowles's program is not totalitarian and it does not call for regimentation. Rather it calls for a set of broad and not restrictive economic policies to be adopted and pursued by our democratic government designed to make the system function more effectively. Within the realm of taxation, anti-monopolistic controls, minimum wages, social security, taxes, housing aids, foreign trade policies, and agricultural supports, all of which represent generally recognized and well established government functions, lies the answer to a prosperous and free economy.

It has taken a non-theorist, an ex-businessman, and a recent convert to do the best job in selling the general philosophy and program of the New Deal. In essence that is what Chester Bowles's book represents. He offers a program for overcoming and eliminating the fear which paralyzed the economy in late 1929 and which has brought repeated chaos and confusion to this country. He offers a set of simple economic truisms which, if carefully appraised and intelligently utilized in the making of government policy, will do away with insecurity, with mass unemployment, with bankruptcy, and with all the other characteristics of depression which have recurringly threatened the very existence of our democracy.

Bowles holds out a vista of an America of plenty which is no idle dream. What we have demonstrated in war we can accomplish in peace. Those who have confidence in the free enterprise system, and Bowles is certainly in that category, are convinced that within all of the basic concepts of this system there can be policies to assure continued prosperity.

Perhaps the most important single factor in the achievement of that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End of inflation
* After the war there was such a run-away inflation that no index is available
3

—*Press Association.*

Chester Bowles "offers a set of simple economic truisms which . . . will do away with insecurity, with mass unemployment, with bankruptcy."

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goal is the role of government. Bowles minces no words in spelling out his program of government action. He indicates clearly the positive part which government must play and he demonstrates graphically what will happen if government does not do its job. One of the excellent indirect contributions of the book is the effective manner in which fear of government planning is dispelled from the mind of anyone with doubts. Bowles presents an excellent answer to the extreme conservatives who shout that every government action and every government policy represents a step toward a totalitarian state. Rather, he points the way to effective planning for maximum freedom as well as maximum security and opportunity.

Henry J. Taylor: "To have a fight is the traditional habit of those obsessed by the desire to govern."

All Over the Map

MEN AND POWER. By Henry J. Taylor. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 257 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MARK S. WATSON

IF it is true that travel broadens one, it will be difficult to compete in breadth with Henry J. Taylor, whose global wanderings now total 150,000 miles, as computed in preparing the jacket for his "Men and Power." His wartime explorations, the same authority states, touched thirty-two different nations, and while this wide dispersion must have discouraged him from intensive study of each nation, it quite evidently brought him into fleeting contact with a great many notable individuals. Their possession of power, however fleeting and however wisely employed, is the occasion of their kaleidoscopic appearance on the pages of his latest book. They range from Patton to Goering, from Pius XII to El Glaoui of Marrakech, from Franco to Chiang Kai-shek, but the reader who admires the number of celebrities thus introduced is likely to regret that the introductions are for the most part made at the gallop.

Mr. Taylor's remarks lead one to the conclusion that power maketh not a full man, nor a full nation, and that regimentation, under whatever political philosophy, generates movements which ultimately become uncontrollable. In the cases he encounters he decides that increasing power is conducive to peace only for a short time, and that it is a failure as a basis for anything save war. The "good of all" itself justifies aggression by that power which finds its own welfare a condition to the "good for all." And the people, who in theory are the beneficiary of any plan for increased power, seldom remain beneficiaries for long, if indeed they originally know or ever do anything about the enterprise. In the candid words of Trotsky, here quoted: "Insurrection is an art, an engine. Technical experts are required to start it, and they alone can stop it. In a revolution the people are of no use." To this Mr. Taylor adds observantly and feelingly: "To have a fight is the traditional habit of those obsessed by the desire to govern, in national affairs, international affairs, in trade-union and business relationships—or in the family circle."

The author is properly proud of having been the first civilian to reach Hitler's bomb-blasted Eagle's Nest over Berchtesgarten, making the last few rods by a perilous climb up the snowy cliff; of having been almost certainly the last American to go into Germany and out again on the eve of our entry into the war; of having swooped into Finland and Central Africa and odd spots in the Near and Far East when most of his fellow-Americans were having a good deal of difficulty in far shorter and less exciting hops.

One of the chapters deals with the two strong men of the Iberian peninsula, Portugal's astute Salazar and and Spain's not-so-astute Franco. Those who have fancied that Franco started the Spanish Nationalist movement will be surprised to learn that El Caudillo attained leadership late and by accident. Mr. Taylor records that when the revolt began in July of 1936 it was San Jurjo who became chief of state pending King Alfonso's apocryphal return: San Jurjo died in an airplane accident, and was succeeded by the No. 2 general, Mola, who the following year himself fell victim to another plane accident; only then did Franco, who was a mere No. 3 at the outset, arrive at the top, carrying with him the sensible policy of staying out of airplanes whenever possible.

Mr. Taylor notes that it was Franco who made Mussolini a hero in Spain, but who had the caution not to get himself so deep in promises to the Axis that he would have to get into the war himself. Franco declared that after 1942 he knew Germany could not win. Dictator Salazar, in Portugal, was smarter: he knew it in 1940.

There is an entertaining story of General Mark Clark's handling of a Trieste dilemma, arising when the Yugoslavs let it be known that the Americans would not be allowed on the piers at Trieste. General Clark promptly drove to the nearest pier where an armed Yugoslav was on guard. "I saluted him first," General Clark is quoted as saying. "He was so surprised and so busy returning the salute that I simply walked past him," and thus an international incident was averted.

For France Mr. Taylor shows a sympathy, based in part upon the wise realization that the restoration of France is a matter of profound importance to the western world. He reminds us that France's collapse came at the close of a period when for years "French workmen were told by their political leaders that less work and more pay was the key to prosperity." This has a familiar ring to non-French ears too.

There are some curious mentions of 1941, of which the author gives too little for the reader's satisfaction. For example, a discussion with Sir Samuel Hoare in Madrid about war prospects, which included a firm suggestion that Americans "can land best in Africa . . . so that an American force from the west and our army from the east can pinch the Germans between them. . . . But American public opinion is not yet prepared to send troops." The odd thing about it is that the conversation took place a week before Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Taylor mentions an epigram quoted by Hitler, but probably not originated by him, which is worth examining. "If you wish to obtain your objectives by force, you must be strong," he said. "If you wish to obtain them by negotiation, you must be stronger still." There are recent episodes outside Germany which support that view.

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Sea of Adventure

CARIBBEAN—SEA OF THE NEW WORLD. By Germán Arciniegas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. Xi plus 464 plus xiv pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by ALBERT HARKNESS, JR.

THE story of the Caribbean Sea is at first glance a jumble of unrelated fights and voyages, discoverers, conquerors, smugglers, and dictators. Too often the student and the casual reader have had to absorb it this way and to try vainly to fit their own order to the myriad chaos. Germán Arciniegas has pretty much succeeded in weaving the entire history of the "Sea of the New World" into a single pattern.

The binding thread of the Caribbean's multicolored tapestry is the sea itself. The author believes the Caribbean is to the New World what the Mediterranean was to the old. Here, as there, the interests of nations met in strife. Their struggles always centered around the great trade routes. In the New World this story of the sea parallels the main currents of history. The discoverers and conquerors in their tiny caravels came with the dawn of the Renaissance; the galleons with the power of the Spanish Empire, and the pirates to prey on them, usually with the money and blessing of a jealous monarch, marked the rise of England and France as the Hapsburg line in Spain died out in corruption. The eighteenth century, the Bourbon kings, and the age of the "Encyclopedia" tossed the sailors of the Caribbean on the waves of many European wars. But the focus had changed and the people were beginning to think and act for themselves. When they fought for their homes, the citizens of Cartagena could beat off the proud fleet of Admiral Vernon (one of his officers, Lawrence Washington, named his house after the defeated admiral), and Toussaint with his Negroes dismayed Napoleon himself. In the nineteenth century the emphasis shifted again with independence from the mother countries. But the sea still called the numbers. Lack of sea power made Spain's position in the New World untenable, and finally, it was the waterway through Panama that dictated United States policy towards Latin America for many years.

The success of this book and its ultimate justification is that it ties the tale of the Caribbean so well together and, at the same time, holds the interest of the reader with a breezy, informal style. The author does not, like too many historians, think that one must speak in hushed tones of people and deeds of the past. In his pages the rugged adventurers of our tropic sea live again with all their bravery, their lust, their sins, and their faith. The faults lie, as is often the case with summary histories compiled largely from secondary sources, in many inaccuracies and mistakes in emphasis.

Unfortunately the most glaring errors come in the first part of the work, the chapters devoted to the discovery and conquest. Simonetta Vespucci, sister of Amerigo, inspired Botticelli's "Birth of Venus." This fact intrigued Arciniegas so much that he found the painting a sort of symbol for the launching of the Renaissance and the discovery of the New World. He carries the conceit to the absurd. This reviewer is reminded of a friend who always refers to the famous painting as "Landing Ship Venus." Indeed the author's enthusiasm for Amerigo runs so high that he leaves Columbus with little glory. He does not subscribe to the ridiculous Varnhagen theory that Vespucci first discovered the continent, but in many little ways he detracts from the real greatness of the First Admiral. He states that Queen Isabella realized Columbus was mad. He claims that Vespucci was the first to call the lands a New World. (Actually it was neither of them, but Peter Martyr the scholar.) By failing to mention that Vespucci was merely a passenger on one of Hojeda's ships he creates a false impression of the significance of the Italian's letter. Perhaps the worst offense is in accusing the Admiral of a personal thirst for gold.

—Muffett Studios.

Germán Arciniegas "believes the Caribbean is to the New World what the Mediterranean was to the old."

There are, of course, many other little details that jar a student of the period. A few deserve mention. The *Santa María* was not a caravel, as the author states. In fact, her cumbersome handling was the main reason the Admiral was not too upset at losing her. She had too much draft and was no good on the wind. Arciniegas correctly stresses the importance of the white man's first contact with the peoples of the New World, but errs when he says that the natives of San Salvador were Caribs. They were milder tribes from whom we borrowed such words as "canoe." To emphasize the discoverers' otherworldliness he ascribes the naming of islands to religious fervor. This is often true, but it should be pointed out that it was common practice among the early voyagers to name islands after the saints' days on which the islands were discovered. To stress his theory that the men in the field were making the real decisions in the latter days of the Caribbean discoveries, the author claims that the king named Hopeda governor of Darien at the instigation of his fellow hidalgos. In point of fact, it was the powerful Bishop Fonseca at the court who brought pressure to bear. The amusing anecdote that the term "filibuster" derives from a drunken pirate's pronunciation of "freebooter" is dampened by the "Oxford Dictionary's" flat statement that the word in its present spelling actually came from the Spanish. The earlier term "freebooter" came from the Dutch.

Such things may be petty enough, but there are too many of them. More serious to the general reader is the failure of the author to mention dates and places often enough in the narrative to help keep the thread together. There is a good chronology at the end of the book, but it is a nuisance to flip back to it every few pages. Maps, too, as known by the various navigators, would have helped the confused reader. The charts of La Cosa and those after him were not, as the writer suggests, mere illustrated *chansons de geste.*

Strangely enough, this Colombian scholar is at his best when writing not of the Spanish conquistadors but of the English pirates Hawkins, Drake, and Morgan. Perhaps it was their half-official, half-bandit status and the indelible mark their ways and deeds left on the sea of the New World that really inspired the whole. Certainly his tales of these man and of Florin, Lafitte, and lesser lights

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(for some reason he says little of the great Dutchman Piet Heyn) are the most racy portions of the book. In these exciting adventures he can let go with his breezy style, his excellent sense of timing and contrast. The last part of the volume, devoted increasingly to more organized and intellectual concerns, does not fit well in the adventurous pattern. He left out the twentieth century because it would have required more detailed handling. Perhaps it would have been as well to cover the nineteenth and part of the eighteenth century in this later study. The reforms of Charles III and the infiltration of the Masons, to which due emphasis is given, is a fascinating story, but not alongside the "jolly roger."

Why We Are Flag Wavers

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN LOYALTY. By Merle Curti. New York: Columbia University Press. 1946. 267 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON had a low opinion of patriotism. "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," is the famous apothegm he got off one night for the benefit of Langton, Beauclerk, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Edward Gibbon. He had likewise a low opinion of Americans. "Sir, they are a race of convicts and should be thankful for anything we allow them short of *hanging*." He would have considered it only natural that patriotism and the colonials he despised would get together in time.

This new book by Professor Merle Curti, who won a Pulitzer prize in 1943 for his "The Growth of American Thought," a social history of its subject, shows that the combination did occur and manifest itself in more ways than could have been dreamed of in Dr. Johnson's philosophy.

"The Roots of American Loyalty" traces the origins and development of loyalty to this country from its beginnings in colonial times to the present day. Pointing out that patriotism has been of many kinds at various times in our history and with various groups, the author gives a great part of his study to detailed analysis of the diverse elements which went into its formation and growth in the first century of our existence as a nation.

Loyalty to place, a natural affection for the small, familiar scene in which each man lives, is given as a primary element. It is this local pride expanded and extended to enclose a greater area of land and sympathies that becomes patriotism large enough to embrace loyalty to country as well as love of town or village.

This can be true of patriotism in any land. In American history, added characteristics peculiar to a new land and people forming into a new national group developed. America was viewed by many of its settlers as asylum from persecution, religious or political. The Puritan believed the hand of God guided American experience from the start. The country developed tradition and during the Revolutionary period produced heroes, worship of whom gave patriotism another focal point. America grew to be considered by many as a land of destiny. The United States was seen as a land of freedom by the oppressed of other countries, and many

immigrants grew to love it better than the countries they had left.

Later, as Professor Curti points out, economics played its part in welding loyalty centered in the nation as a whole rather than in a region or a state. Hamilton's protective tariffs and central bank to create national credit lent force to it. Free public education became identified with it. The development of better transportation and communication weakened local ties and promoted loyalty to the nation. Business, by its exchanges and interlocking centers of production and distribution, stimulated nationalism.

Patriotism was nurtured during the nineteenth century by the teaching of American history in the schools, by the establishment and observance of national holidays, by the use of flags, the design of coins.

All of this, much of it too familiar and accepted to need such detailed reference, Professor Curti proves by many and extensive quotations from letters, speeches, Fourth of July orations, periodicals, and government documents. This careful piling up of evidence which takes up many of the book's pages shows industrious research but seems to belabor rather than to illuminate points already adequately made and sustained. The compilation seems out of proportion to the interpretation given or needed.

The later period in the development of American loyalty Professor Curti covers in much less detail. His interest shifts really to the attitudes of various minds toward the means consciously used by politicians, patriotic organizations, and educators to foment kinds of patriotism thought desirable for one reason or another. His thoughtful chapter, "Critique of National Loyalty," in which the ideas about patriotism of Josiah Royce, John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, and others are restated and considered, has real value.

The book's final chapter, "Loyalty in World Crisis," covers the period of both World Wars but stresses more the deliberate rousing of mass morale by parades, the inciting of hatred against the enemy, and the use of propaganda methods to enforce unity of opinion and effort during World War I. Contrast is made with the quieter methods of World War II.

Certainly the subject of this new book is timely and important, but one feels that too little attention is given to what is obviously the pressing question now concerning national loyalty. What is to be its future when world events and interest, world necessity even, make many consider internationalism perhaps the most highly developed form of patriotism? Professor Curti indicates full awareness of this tension and leaves no doubt as to where his sympathies lie, but discusses the situation meagerly and ends only by posing the already apparent problem.

Patriotism is still more of an emotion than an intellectual or even intelligent comprehension of the elements it involves. Many a combat soldier fought recently to get back to his own farm or campus or poolroom or office. It is doubtful that many fought consciously for the American industrial or merchandising system or its political institutions or for their conceptions of the meaning of patriotism or nationalism. It will take a new emotion for most to embrace a patriotism based on new premises, not rational recognition of the need for it. The reader finishes "The Roots of American Loyalty" with a sense of frustration and the belief, possibly unjustified in view of the book's title, that any such thorough study of the subject should have gone somewhat farther, should have more that is immediately pertinent to offer. But perhaps that is asking too much of a historian—or of history.

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The Atom Without Politics

ATOMIC ENERGY IN COSMIC AND HUMAN LIFE. By George Gamow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 161 pp. $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

HERE is a book in the best tradition of popular writing on science; it is meant for the interested and intelligent layman, and it is written by a scientist who has himself made highly important contributions to the field he is describing. It is a book on atomic energy which does not concern itself at all with "the problem of the atomic bomb," and concerns itself very little with the atomic bomb itself.

There is no reason, save the ignorance or the incompetence of the author, that a "popular" book on science has to contain inaccuracies which make the specialist wince—yet most of them do. This book does not; its accuracy is flawed only once or twice by printer's errors, which do not seem to have been sufficiently well combed out of the first edition.

There is no reason, save the author's lack of understanding, for making the known facts, the attitudes, and the problems of a branch of physics seem recondite or difficult. This book carries its reader through the salient facts of modern nuclear physics without undue difficulty, dullness, apology, or patronization. Professional physicists can read Professor Gamow's book with delight and stimulation; any intelligent person can get a sound and entirely accurate idea of the present state of our knowledge of nuclear physics from the book.

As already indicated, Gamow has undertaken to write a physical, not a political, book on atomic energy. His concern with the political aspect of the problem is sufficiently well indicated by his dedication of the book "to the hope of lasting peace." Although he deals mostly with the fundamentals of nuclear physics, and remarks in the preface that the book "does not contain any information of a confidential or secret nature, being based exclusively on existing scientific literature and the facts concerning the technical production and utilization of atomic explosives officially released by the War Department," it is amusing to see how many things in this book are of the sort that General Groves regards as secret.

For example, we learn on page 64 that "a small charge of deuterium could be used as an explosive with tremendous destructive power if only we could devise the means for raising its temperature instantaneously well above one million degrees." Later (page 150) we find that "the surface temperature developed in the atomic explosion . . . is probably higher than the temperature of the sun." The combination of these facts is left as an exercise for the reader.

Again, the time of explosion of an atomic bomb is explicitly computed to be half a millionth of a second. Though anyone can figure this out, I have no doubt that it is regarded as a secret. The half-life of plutonium is bracketed at a "few tens of thousands of years." Though this is to be found in the literature, it is also an official "secret." The critical mass of U235 necessary to make a bomb is explicitly estimated, and means are described for storing the atomic explosives we are making while Mr. Baruch talks reasonably with the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission.

Finally, the author's own idea for what he calls "nuclear storage batteries" is presented. The interesting thing about this notion is not only that it is a secret so far as General Groves is concerned—though it has been for some time, despite its basis in well-known facts on physics—but also that it gives the lie to those who have gone around saying that you can't drive an automobile with atomic energy. You *can* drive a car, or an airplane, or a motor-bike, with atomic energy, and Professor Gamow tells you how. You might not want to do so from the economic standpoint, and this factor is discussed too, but you *can*. This ought to be a lesson to those who are not yet afraid to say that anything is impossible.

Haste in the preparation of this book for publication is its only defect. Its proof errors have already been remarked. There is also a somewhat unconventional employment of hyphens and of articles, which might have been avoided if the manuscript had been gone over with such points in mind. Professor Henry Norris Russell has contributed a foreword.

Child's Atoll of Verses

By Christopher Morley

I

In Canada did Kubla Khan
  A stately atom-plant decree
Where alpha-bombs of secret plan
And forces measureless to man
  Had top priority.
So twice five miles, forbidden ground,
With walls and towers were girdled round
  The blue-prints of that Energy.
In spite of which, some scientist, Joe Doakes,
Outwitted all the other blokes
  And spilled the secrecy.
Amid the tumult Kubla heard from far . . .
Parody's returns diminish:
Let the reader add the finish.

II

Eeny, meeny, miney, mo,
Catch Bikini by the toe.
How hard will the atom blow?
Push the button and we'll know—
1—2—3—
Out go we.

III

How many many years
Our symbol of escape
Was the Pacific Ocean,
Blue cyclorama of reprieve.
Cried overburdened men:
Let's get away from it all,
Go to a South Sea island.
And look what happened
To the South Sea Islands.
The only credit of mankind
Is that it has a mind
To perceive—and even relish—
Its ironies, however hellish.

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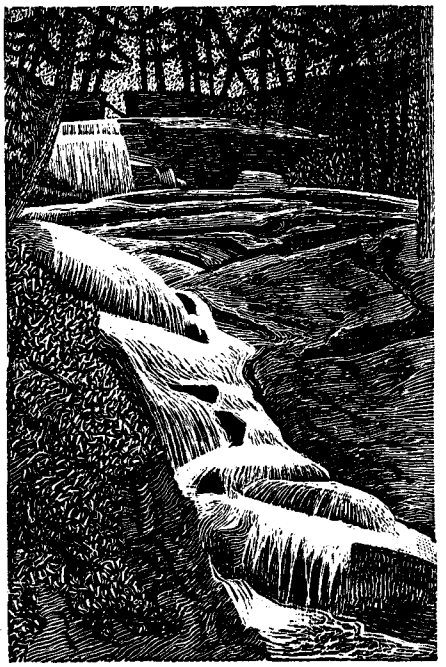
Berkshire to the Sound

THE HOUSATONIC: PURITAN RIVER. By Chard Powers Smith. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 514 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WALTER PRICHARD EATON



—*From the book.*

ONCE at a meeting in Pittsfield, near the headquarters of the Housatonic River, Dean Fenn of Harvard remarked that in his day most boys in Berkshire went to Williams College, and those who didn't followed the line of drainage. The lower reaches of the river were settled before Yale was founded, but most of the Housatonic watershed towns were settled later, and for almost a century were dominated by Calvinistic parsons from Yale. John Sergeant, founder of the Stockbridge Mission, Jonathan Edwards his successor, Samuel Hopkins who left what is now Great Barrington because the townspeople wouldn't pay him, David Dudley Field (now remembered as a famous father), Lyman Beecher of Litchfield, and most of the other eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century ministers who dinned a grim theology into the scant population both in the valleys and on the now half abandoned hilltops were products of Yale. The Housatonic might well be called Yale River. It might also be called, not without justice, the American Wye. From Canaan to Kent it is more rugged than the Wye, but not unlike it, and in autumn more beautiful. To be sure, it has no Tintern Abbey.

But Mr. Smith has elected to call it the Puritan river because its basin was settled by Puritans and because that gives him an excuse for dramatizing the whole history of the basin as a battle between the forces of good and evil, between God and the Devil, between the ideal and the materialistic, between the old-time agricultural population and first industrialism and then the great summer estates of the Berkshires.

This of course is a rather extreme simplification, even for the early days. John Sergeant was on the side of God and the Indians, but some of his fellow whites were certainly after the Indians' land, and the desire for land was behind a great deal of the settlement of Berkshire and northwestern Connecticut, just as it was behind the settlement of the West. Most of the Housatonic region was a frontier during the eighteenth century, and it developed many of the frontier qualities. Mr. Smith seems to imply that Daniel Shays's rebellion, the last battle of which was fought in Sheffield (eighty men per side) would have been, if properly guided, as much on God's side as the New Deal, and he is probably right. His treatment of this episode is excellent. So is his lengthy story of the valley's leading pioneer industries, marble quarrying and iron smelting. With the coming of the railroad these industries might have been expected to develop still more, and there was expectation, too, of factory development at the various water-powers, talk of "a second Lowell" at Bull's Bridge, and so on. Here was the Devil attacking in force.

But there is no second Lowell at Bull's Bridge (thank God), the marble quarries are nearly all abandoned, the Salisbury iron mines are full of water, those under Lenox village into which houses used to sink are forgotten, and only Derby near the mouth of the river, Danbury (built on hats), and Pittsfield are highly industrialized. Why? Mr. Smith is not satisfied with any of the answers, but inclines to attribute the failure of industry to capture the valley to the ideology of the inhabitants, who didn't want it industrialized. Some of us who live in the region will find this a bit hard to accept.

The last attack of the Devil on the valley was made in the latter part of the nineteenth century, when Fashion moved in on Lenox and Stockbridge and the great villas were built. That Lenox especially completely lost its old quality under this invasion is of course a fact. In the decade before the Civil War two great works of American literature were written, one in Lenox, one in Pittsfield—"The House of Seven Gables" and "Moby Dick." Holmes summered in Pittsfield, Fanny Kemble in Lenox. To Mr. Smith this was the golden age of idealism in the Housatonic valley (though what it had to do with the longer stretch in Connecticut is hard to see). But neither Hawthorne nor Melville nor Fanny Kemble belonged in the valley. They came for the air and the views (Hawthorne didn't like either one). They no more represent the Housatonic region than do the later Vanderbilts and Winthrops, or the still later Koussevitsky and his wonderful orchestra. The truth is that whether they like it or not, the inhabitants of the Berkshires, and to a less extent the region below, live in a region favored by nature to be a summer resort, and most of them, whether instigated by God or the Devil, are intent on making the most of it.

Mr. Smith is pretty severe on the rich of the last generation. They did not flood the whole Housatonic valley, only a part of the Berkshires; they had nothing to do with the decay of the hill towns; and if Mr. Smith will drive along the east shore of Stockbridge Bowl he will admit that a large estate, wooded with virgin timber, is preferable to the slum cottages now erected there. The income tax has taken care of the rich. But who is going to pay the town taxes? Who is going to keep the lovely land the lovely land it was, and he wants it to be? Not, certainly, the Housatonic farmers, the Puritan descendants, scratching a living from their rocky acres. God will need a lot of help.

Mr. Smith, or his proof-reader, has made a good many errors, such as a rather gratuitous reduction in the age of Harvard College; he has Hawthorne's red house visible from the Aspinwall Hotel, which wasn't built till ten years after Hawthorne's house burned down, and he skips up and down the river at times somewhat disconcertingly, on the whole rather neglecting the southern reaches. But he has probed deeply into regional records, and made the river a microcosm of New England history.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 640)

WALT WHITMAN:
NOTES LEFT OVER

We want the germinal idea that America, inheritor of the past, is the custodian of the future of humanity. . . . Some such moral and spiritual ideas appropriate to them . . . have made the profoundest glory and endurance of nations in the past.

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THE FINE ARTS

TO THE LADIES

IN James Thurber's immortal "War Between Men and Women," the female cohorts come into battle crudely armed. Their weapons are the sticks and stones of Connecticut, but these they brandish with such foaming abandon that the psychological advantage seems already theirs. In case it is not, they probably have an O.W.I. back at headquarters, with a special department to fight the war on cultural grounds. I know it is treason to give counsel to the enemy, even in so hopelessly internecine a struggle, but I nevertheless advise the women to make the most of their artists, propaganda-wise. Their writers are recognized everywhere, but their painters and sculptors are still not known at their true value.

It is hard, for example, for men to remember that the first painter to establish American ability at the very center of the modern movement in Europe was a woman—Mary Cassatt. Neither her position nor her influence was so great as that of the earlier expatriates, Benjamin West and Whistler. She was certainly not as fine an artist as Homer or Eakins, who stayed at home and flourished in the painfully masculine atmosphere of Maine and Philadelphia. But Mary Cassatt was befriended and praised by the very greatest masters of her time, in Paris rather than London. And when Degas, envied and feared by Whistler, asked incredulously whether one of her pictures could have been done by a woman, he was also perhaps inquiring whether it had been painted by an American. One of Miss Cassatt's most important functions was to prove again that talent in art is not dependent on sex or nationality, and she helped win for American painting a new pride and assurance. She deferred to the greater figures around her, but she stayed in Paris and held up her head, and in the end it was immeasurably more difficult for Europeans to claim there was no first-rate American art. Those foreigners who had never heard of Homer, Ryder, and Eakins, even those who had forgotten the European prestige of West, Copley, Allston, and Whistler, knew of Mary Cassatt.

Throughout her career Miss Cassatt owed some of her accomplishment to the examples of Manet and Degas. In our own country, women artists have usually taken their point of departure from men, yet many of them have achieved a fairly quick and complete independence. Early in the century they experienced a certain difficulty with cubism—somehow an essentially masculine kind of carpentry—but they have taken an important part in succeeding movements. As a case in point, art historians will probably one day explore the effect on surrealism of the three women painters, Leonor Fini, Leonora Carrington, and Dorothea Tanning. By the time the three young artists appeared, surrealism was established as one of the dominant trends in modern esthetics; its main characteristic was an unrelenting and naked introspection. But when the women in their turn descended to the corridors of the subconscious, they dressed advantageously for the journey and were concerned in some degree with the attractiveness of their new surroundings.

Quite apart from formal movements, women have attained ranking positions in contemporary art on a purely qualitative basis. In France Marie Laurencin remains a faded but still impressive duenna of the modern movement. In Italy Leonor Fini is now quite widely considered one of the leading artists of the younger generation. The German Käthe Kollwitz won fame as one of the most eloquent graphic artists of our century, and we have only to compare her anguished prints with those of Mary Cassatt to understand the recent enlargement of women's emotional share in world experience: her scenes of suffering, indignation, and politics replace Cassatt's vision of a serene home life in which mothers scrub their children as though there were nowhere a more serious filth.

We might expect England to pay the least heed to its women in art; on the contrary it treats them with great respect. Among critics of advanced taste, Barbara Hepworth is usually considered next to Henry Moore the best living English sculptor, while Frances Hodgkins, Eileen Holding, Vanessa Bell, and several lesser figures are much admired and exhibited.

It is America, however, that has produced in this century the largest group of ranking artists among women. One of the finest and least known, Florine Stettheimer, died two years ago. She was a social realist in a sense quite opposite to that of the many left-wing artists whose number includes some of the outstanding American painters. Florine Stettheimer was the realist of a special and talented right, of a small circle of painters, writers, connoisseurs, and close relatives whose activities and spiritual identities she recorded with magic freshness. Her realm was deliberately that of the privileged in fortune, talent, or mind; a world now much modified, but surviving in her canvases most personally. Then, among younger Americans, is there any abstract painter finer than Irene Pereira? Or any artist who has lately created a more enchanted poetry of direct emotion than Loren MacIver? MacIver sees what we all see—the blisters of summer pavement, the chalk marks of vanished children, the tremble of votive lights, the reticent, piercing gestures of clowns. But she sees them with wonder, each time for the first time, and she communicates her wonder to us, shy, rare, and clear.

Georgia O'Keeffe, perhaps the greatest of living women painters, is now having a retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. I must admit that looking at her pictures year after year at Stieglitz's gallery, I did not know consistently whether I liked them or not. A few weeks ago, after seeing so much of her life work at the Museum, my doubts vanished. I think Miss O'Keeffe creates a world. It is a world of surprising variety. Sometimes her painting seems an art of psychic confession, an inner recital of symbolic language, like the murmur of acolytes. Then again it becomes more objective and she paints the mountains of New Mexico as though they answered when she spoke. Throughout her work there is a dual conception of nature: a nature as the painter herself; and nature as an unfailing

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companion with whom she converses in terms of wonderful precision, intimacy, and shades of meaning. In subject matter she turns her back on humanity, but there is love in her work, courage, strength, devotion.

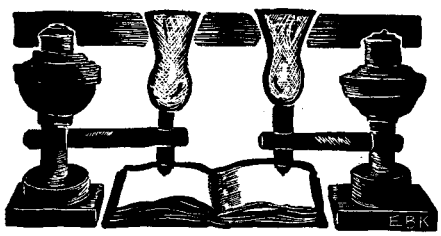
Her imagery is singularly compelling. Indeed, I can remember few large exhibition openings like hers recently at which the pictures came out to get you and did not let you go, despite the distraction of people and manners. Hers is a world of exceptional intensity: bones and flowers, hills and the city, sometimes abstract and vigorous, sometimes warm and fugitive. She created this world; it was not there before; and there is nothing like it anywhere.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

The Stories of a Solitary Man

SHORT STORIES OF HAWTHORNE. Edited and with an Introduction by Newton Arvin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 422 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST



IT IS a little surprising to realize that for twenty years of his writing life Hawthorne confined himself (except for the slight novel "Fanshawe" which he never cared to remember) to the writing of short stories—surprising because the short story was then in a primitive and experimental stage, and because Hawthorne's deliberate burrowing "into the depths of our common nature" would have seemed to require a more spacious form. Yet, as Professor Arvin points out, the new form gave him all the room he needed, and it made possible the singleness of tone which in his story-telling became so important.

There are twenty-nine of Hawthorne's stories in this collection. In addition to well-known stories from "Twice-Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse," there are three tales from "The Snow Image" and two—"The Antique Ring" and "Alice Doane's Appeal"—which were never reprinted by Hawthorne in collections. The stories all gain something by being placed together. They gain in variety—from the blunt historical incident of "Endicott and the Red Cross" to the fantasy of "Feathertop." And they gain in unity, reminding us how preoccupied their author was, whether in history, fable, or fantasy, with the shadowed soul of man.

Rereading the stories makes one freshly aware of Hawthorne's morality, and of its absence in our time. The modern story deals with mind and feelings, but not with a soul. It is a rare thing to find the personal conscience at work in our short fiction. We have people acting out their compulsions, but seldom are we made conscious of the hard choice between good and evil. Hawthorne was a moral writer, always pondering, always making distinctions. He had a moral humility and a moral anxiousness that led him to explore, again and again, the dark fact of human guilt and the isolation that it imposes. His stories endow man with a solitary spirit rather than a social sense. They call forth an anxious responsibility—where today's stories end with a painful or casual acceptance.

So we are at a distance from the solitary Salem romancer, and yet something does not let us forget him—groping into literature in the little bedroom in the house on Herbert Street, with the old town sinking into quietude and decay around him, shaping and reshaping his stories. As he wrote to Longfellow, he had locked himself into a dungeon and he could not find the key to let himself out, and if the door were open he would be almost afraid to come out. In that solitude he read and reflected and wrote, and slowly he developed a sense of recognition by indirection; he saw things with a sidelong glance and with a sidelong mind, things that are dusky and elusive and that vanish under direct scrutiny. The stories of our time are directly seen, and that is another difference.

One good reason to welcome this collection is that it is accompanied by Professor Arvin's introductory essay on Hawthorne as moralist and artist. In a dozen succinct and suggestive pages he comments on Hawthorne's reading, his language, his sensibility, his imagination, his human insight. Throughout the essay he emphasizes the solitude in Hawthorne's stories; they were the writings of a solitary man about solitary people. In them Hawthorne was attempting to make plain to himself his own experience and to open an intercourse with the world. "They were soliloquies that were meant to be heard."

Sea Yarn

WINE FOR MY BROTHERS. By Robert Emmett Higginbotham. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT L. ALLEN

"WINE for My Brothers" starts out as if it were just another story about the United States Merchant Marine in World War II. But before the reader has gone very far he will find that he is reading an allegorical novel intended to symbolize mankind's universal struggle against injustice and tyranny. This is a big undertaking for an author writing his first novel, and Mr. Higginbotham has not written a good allegorical novel, though to a degree he has shown that he is capable of writing a salty yarn.

In January 1942, when German submarines are sinking our ships all along the Eastern seaboard, the American tanker *Liquid Wealth* sails unarmed and unescorted out of a Gulf Coast port for New York. The ship's skipper is G. C. Bohn, a latter-day Captain Bligh who uses first one diabolical trick after another to impose his will on the crew. Pitted against Bohn is an able-bodied seaman, Blackie Scott, who philosophizes on the rights of man and a better world and then tries to do something about it for himself and his shipmates. But the "unity of discontent" inspired under Scott's leadership disintegrates quickly when the men of the *Liquid Wealth* sight a torpedoed freighter, beached on Florida's east coast. Fear spreads rapidly among the men, dissipating both their ship's spirit and their loyalty to Scott. Bohn plays his hand to capitalize on the anxiety of his men and, for a time, evil in the person of the sadistic Bohn prevails. But later, when the *Liquid Wealth* is torpedoed, the crew, including Bohn, survive to know that Blackie Scott made possible their escape, and thus decency and good are triumphant in the end.

The book as a whole is not exciting, and the two major characters never come to life. Mr. Higginbotham quite clearly sees in Blackie Scott's fight against Bohn man's everlasting battle for justice. If he had not based his book on allegory, Mr. Higginbotham might have written a more satisfying sea story. It is only when the author describes the life of the men of the forecastle (which he knows so well himself) that he shows both an understanding of life at sea and the ability to write about it in a manner that holds the reader's undivided interest.

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THIS MATTER OF TIMING

RUSKIN divided all books unforgettably into two classes—the books of the hour, and the books of all time. War is probably the most active stimulant to the production of books, mainly of the hour. Many of these die before the fighting is over, some manage to survive until the last shot, some live on uneasily for a space, and some will live forever.

But at least the war book, while it lives, is likely to be an entity, a solidification and freezing of a moment of action that needs no embellishment, no supplementing, no emendation. It may die a-borning, but if someone resurrects it a decade or a century later it will still have its story to tell. That story may not be vastly important; it may be violently ex parte (not as between American and German, but as between Army and Marine Corps, or Navy and Merchant Marine, or Company A and Company B); it may be badly written. But it remains source material, and, while doubtless not perfect, it remains whole.

Post-war writing — the shape-of-things-to-come, even the shape-of-things-as-they-are sort of thing—is another matter. It is, in large part, of and for the moment. Some of it treads hard on the heels of the news, is actually fighting deadlines. Books cannot compete with newspapers, and they run a heavy risk when they try. The newspaper pays for the advantage of hot immediacy by dying every twenty-four hours. The book should be projected and destined for a longer life span. Yet books are being issued today which are out of date, in some part at least, on the day of publication.

Even the magazine is sometimes caught off base by the relentless and unpredictable sweep of events—of man proposing and God disposing. William Jennings Bryan died suddenly five days after the notorious evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee, in 1925, and several periodical publications exhibited what appeared to the average reader to be manifestations of the grossest bad taste by continuing to heap ridicule on him. The explanation was, of course, that these publications were edited and made up while Bryan was still alive, and were on the press or even in the distributors' hands at the moment of his death. An even more glaring instance of the perils of magazine editing occurred three years earlier. A slick-paper monthly of large national circulation published an article on the titan of British journalism, Viscount Northcliffe, under the teaser title "Is Northcliffe Through?" The answer, unfortunately, was a ringing affirmative, since the subject of the article died the day the periodical hit the newsstands.

Books are rarely tripped in this fashion because authors do not take such chances with the whims of "the blind fury with the abhorred shears." A biographer does well, for instance, to wait until finis has been written to the career of his subject. Autobiographers run less risk, but even they would occasionally be well advised to leave their notes behind them for posthumous editing. The English critic and historian Frederic Harrison, who lived to be ninety-one, began reminiscing at seventy-five with "Memories and Thoughts," presumably expecting every chapter to be his last. At eighty he issued "Autobiographical Memoirs," and composed himself for the end. But he lived on to write "Obiter Scripta" at eighty-eight (there had been several non-autobiographical works in between), and at eighty-nine, when he was about running out of titles, "Novissima Verba."

The book whose subject-matter is still in a state of flux is by no means valueless on that account. The unfortunate factor is, however, that its value may be greater for historical evaluation than it is as current diagnosis, and historical evaluation butters few parsnips, and butters none at all the first few months or years after publication.

No book ever set out to be ephemeral. It can be made so only by act of God or of man (including, sometimes, the author). Granting a certain competence of performance, most of these influences are beyond the author's control. All the author can do, in such circumstances, if he makes it his province to discuss the world as he sees it, is to take time by the forelock with the firmest possible grip and hope for the best. The alternatives are to write about something else or not to write at all. We must have the books that breast the current of contemporary political and socio-political national and international activity, and we must accept with them such hazards as the calendar unpredictably but inexorably imposes.

J. T. W.

June in Istria

By Katharine Strelsky

LIKE flock upon flock of wild canaries
the yellow ginestra crowds the hillside;
the walls of the vineyard know its perfume,
it clusters about the olive and cypress.

It climbs the stony trail of the goatherd,
the lime-white highway is banked with yellow—
the color of love condemned to anguish—
O desperate heart, behold the ginestra!

Flower, do you recall that morning
when Attila and his golden warriors
sacked the valley and burned the orchards
and trampled your scented bloom in the mire?

Which shone brighter as they came riding,
the sun on a myriad Mongol helmets
and glancing spears—or your pale fire?
O wild ginestra, do you remember?

Long forgotten, that summer of death.
Your roots are fed where the Mongol perished.
It is clear, faint heart, that anguish passes.
Be then at peace. Behold the ginestra!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Retort Courteous

SIR: Mrs. Ball's high-blood pressure response (*SRL* June 15) to my letter (*SRL* May 25) brings to mind vividly —and very dearly—the reactions of my husband when I'd rush to him with some vituperative letter that had gushed out of me. "But this isn't what was meant at all," he'd snort. "You've utterly distorted the writer's meaning." "I don't care," I'd say with a toss of my old gray head. "It makes a better letter this way." "It's a good thing you're not a man," he'd declare. "You'd end up as a shifty lawyer or a pawky politician."

With no defense of myself I must defend my old pal Fanny Hill. Never would I have bracketed her with anything unhealthy. And if Mrs. Ball thinks she is "legally interred" (whatever that means) she doesn't know the half of it.

Masochism I accept and with a sense of pride. I've been reviewing books these many years and nothing but deliberate masochistic indulgence could keep me at it. That only once have I blown up completely, as of May 25 (Mars in Saturn or something), shows how deeply depraved I am.

I do resent Mrs. Ball's contumely to my gastric juices. I can digest horsemeat magnificently, which certainly indicates how little the fare offered by publishers affects me physically.

To Mr. Walbridge all hail . . . because he knows about the slaying Beamishes! Way back in the Dark Ages one Beamish O'Bullock (who was larded twice a year) had seventeen wives. No one ever discovered what became of fifteen of them. That I am still alive shows the extraordinary control of the current generation.

MAUDE BEAMISH.

Harrisburg, Pa.

It Isn't the Climate

SIR: I must take issue with the Joseph Henry Jackson review of Carey McWilliams's book, "Southern California Country," in the May 4 issue.

First, against you for having a San Franciscan review a Southern California book. (There is a rivalry between the two places which even an unbiased literary man cannot hide, and which Mr. Jackson exposed had you paid attention to his closing.)

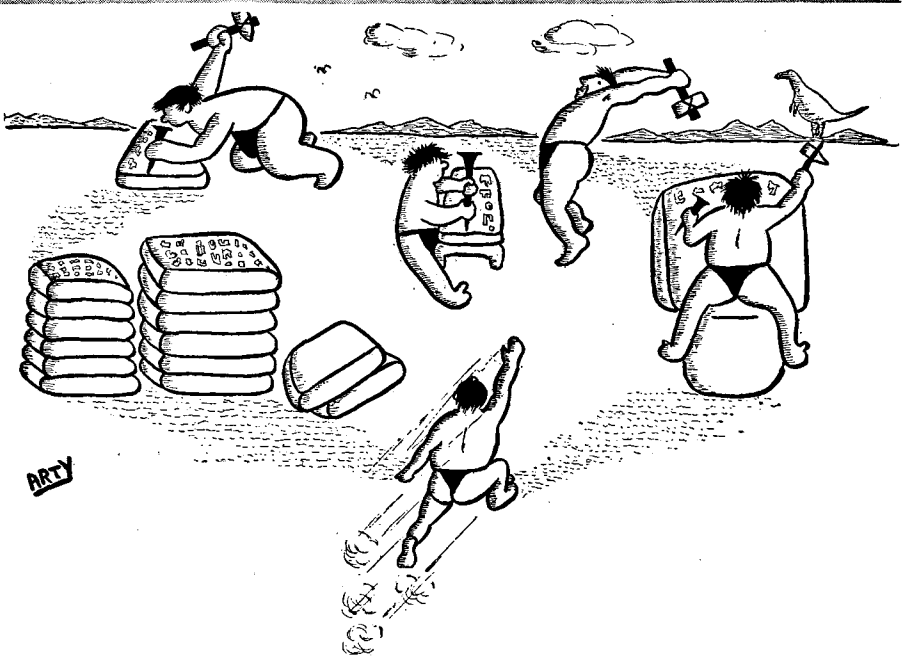
Second, against Mr. Jackson for his interpretation that the Indians' "knockout blow was delivered by the American invasion."

If he will reread pages 21 to 48 and 70 in particular, he will find that Mr. McWilliams blames the California Indians' sad plight not so much on the Americans as he does on the padre-mission and *gente de razon* influences. The author states very plainly that for some peculiar reason, over-zealous Americans assumed that blame, erroneously. Also, Mr. Jackson obviously puckered from sour grape juice when he referred to Southern California climate sequences. He implies that it states that "the hub of the difference (between Southern California and the rest of the state) is the climate," whereas the author constantly stresses that the difference is due to the kind of people who migrated to Southern California.

The book contains subtle innuendoes which only a "native" of twenty or more years can grasp, and I feel that Mr. Jackson is at a disadvantage at this particular reviewing task.

DOROTHY FARGO.

Los Angeles, Calif.



"Stop the presses!"

The Tlingit Indians

SIR: In answer to your question title (*SRL* June 8), "Does Anyone Want a Book on the Tlingit Indians?", YES! Perhaps adults whose curiosity is not as healthy as that of "intermediates" may not, but in 1932 my book of Tlingit legends, "A Box Of Daylight," published by Knopf and a Literary Guild choice, was bought by more than 25,000 intermediate readers. Librarians tell me that even today the book is much in demand.

I can well believe that Mr. Hoffman would have difficulty in choosing a subject that would fail to arouse interest in some part of humanity. Propaganda and canned education, with its cramming of minds with unrelated facts to obtain degrees, have not yet succeeded in murdering that begetter of reason, curiosity.

WILLIAM HURD HILLYER.

New York, N. Y.

Another Lunar Rainbow

SIR: I have read with interest the letters about the lunar rainbows in the *SRL*. The reason for my interest is that I too had the luck to see one in the autumn of 1943 in the Alabama sky.

I was in the army at the time and we were located just outside the little town of Foley, some 35 miles east of Mobile. I was walking a guard post. Here is what happened: Shortly after midnight heavy dark clouds started moving in a west to east direction across the sky. A full moon was about a quarter of the way between the horizon and directly overhead. Thus horizontal rays of moonlight were shining across the oncoming clouds. The cloud line had passed directly overhead and was approaching the moon when a gentle rain started to fall. Suddenly there appeared against the dark background of the inky black clouds a beautiful white arch just as perfect in shape as the daytime rainbows, but sans colors.

I was more than thrilled at the sight, for up to that moment I had never heard of or read about a lunar rainbow. I roused several of my sleeping buddies to witness the phenomenon and to enjoy it with me. It lasted about ten minutes.

A full or near full moon, I believe, is necessary to provide enough light for a lunar rainbow. That, plus the moon's position in the sky, plus the clouds and a gentle rain—all must occur together. Hence the rarity.

EUGENE J. MCGUIRE.

Boston, Mass.

Complaint

SIR: The "Personals" I used to read,
For don't they meet our every need,
But since the print's gone far too small
I just can't see the things at all.

And here's the very saddest part:
It tears and tortures, halts my heart
To know I'm missing all those chances
Of juicy jobs and rich romances.

JEAN WHITING.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Reviewords

SIR: That writers who can't define "evitable"
Misuse it with "in-" is regrettable.

JOHN M. BONBRIGHT.

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

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TRADE Winds

IT ISN'T BILL SAROYAN'S fault if everybody in the world doesn't know by this time that he thinks life is simply wonderful and that all human beings, including Nazi prison guards, are just great big lovable shnooks at heart. The question before the house was: would Bill still be smearing those wet, gooey kisses over his fellow creatures after reading the reviews of his "The Adventures of Wesley Jackson"? The notices ranged from apologetic to terrible, with Irwin Shaw's front-page summary in *The New York Times Book Review* almost raising blisters on the paper on which it was printed.

Be it said to Saroyan's credit that he not only took it like a man, but found it in his heart to give his publishers a reassuring slap on the back as well. Nuts to book reviewers was the burden of his message to Harcourt Brace; the public would snap up "Wesley Jackson" anyhow because it was superlative stuff. Saroyan has never been an over-discerning judge of his own material.

Behind the publication of "The Adventures of Wesley Jackson" is quite a story. Saroyan wrote the book while in active service in the Army, making the manuscript subject to review by military authority. The officers who read it first turned purple with rage, and tried to bury it so effectively under red tape that deep-sea dredgers couldn't bring it to the surface again. Even when the war was over, the Signal Corps demurred at releasing it. The theory has been expressed that one diabolic officer who resented Saroyan more than all the rest combined okayed publication on the ground that a crueler revenge could not possibly be contrived.

In its original form, "The Adventures of Wesley Jackson" contained even hotter blasts at the officers who failed to appreciate Saroyan's special talents than the reader will find therein today. Time has softened Bill's resentment by about one-half of one per cent, and the publishers persuaded him to do a little cutting. Despite the notices, the book is selling extremely well. There are compensations in it for Saroyan fans—inimitable episodes that reaffirm his great talent and potentialities. He couldn't write an altogether dull piece if he deliberately set out to do so. I still think he has it in him to be one of the half dozen most exciting writers in America. But how long are people willing to wait for a prodigy to grow up? . . .

WHEN EVAN COMMAGER heard that John Dewey had named his new book "Problems of Men," she asked, "Why didn't he simply call it 'Women'?" . . . MGM proposes to rename "Ah, Wilderness" "Summertime Holiday." Wait till they tell Eugene O'Neill! . . . Highlights of the fall Harper list: a new book by Sumner Welles called "Where Are We Heading?", "Yes and No Stories" by the Papashvilys of "Anything Can Happen" fame, a novel by J. B. Priestley entitled "Bright Day." . . . Carl Rose's cartoon album will be named "One Dozen Roses" and will include several of his prose pieces. One of them is scheduled for next month's *Atlantic*. . . . Laura Hobson has delivered the manuscript of her new novel, "Gentleman's Agreement," to Simon and Schuster. . . . Why George Bernard Shaw is not partial to American comedians: one of them accosted him in the Savoy lobby recently and asked loudly, "Pardon me, but haven't you got five o'clock shadow?" . . . Thurston Macauley is now an editor of *Reader's Press*, also publisher of his "Horse Omnibus" (introduction by Bing Crosby).

FOR THE PURPOSE of this story you will have to accept the fact that an elaborate party was staged in Hollywood to introduce a new song cycle by Maestro Abe Burrows, and that Harry Richman was conveyed thither by Cary Grant in a shiny 1946 taxicab. The Arthur Hornblows, furthermore, had to be standing directly behind these two distinguished citizens when they embarked, and Arthur had to say to Leonora (or Bubbles, as she was called by New York vulgarians in the old days), "Let us proceed to the Burrows shindig on foot." The stage thus set, it was child's play for Mrs. H. to reply, "Nothing doing. I want you to take me to that party like Grant took Richman." . . .

THE HARCOURT, BRACE editorial department faces a drastic shake-up. John Woodburn is no longer there, and Frank Morley will soon move on to other fields. . . . That glowing tribute to Booth Tarkington in *The New Yorker* was written by Wolcott Gibbs. . . . Bernie Hart claims that he got the shock of a lifetime at a recent Book and Author luncheon: he sat next to a Jap with white jaundice. . . . Macmillan expects big things of the new Arthur Koestler novel, due in September. It is called "Thieves in the Night," and concerns the present muddled situation in Palestine. . . . Nunnally Johnson describes a literary party where the guests, amply lubricated, indulged in a game of musical chairs that lasted for a solid hour. The host realized at an early stage that there were just as many chairs as there were players, but since everybody apparently was having a fine time, he did nothing to dis-

"Suppose you're swimming underwater some fine afternoon and you decide to make a few quick notes. . . ."

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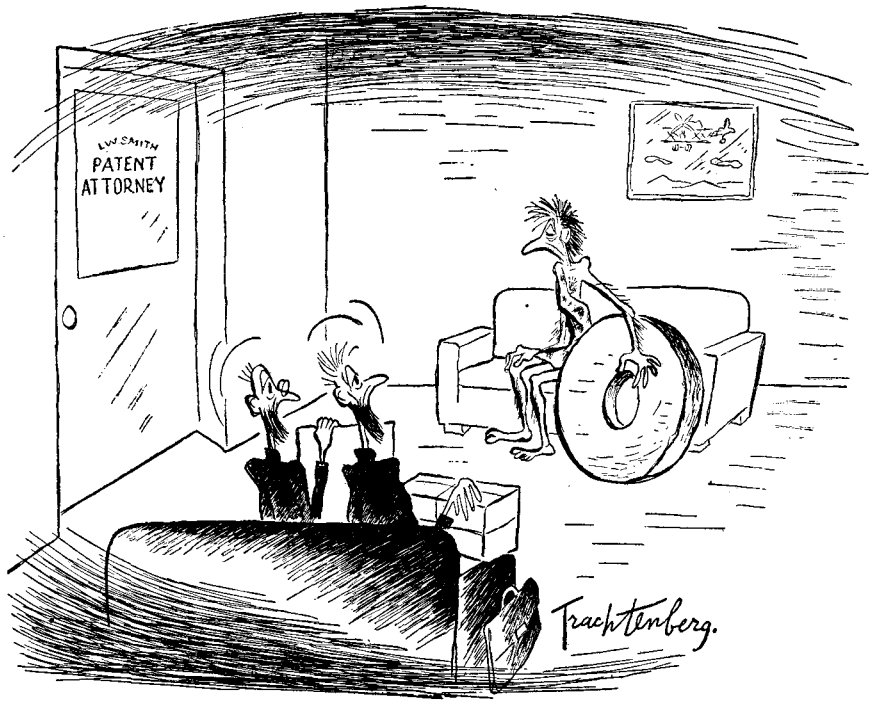

turb the proceedings. . . . Most frequently heard bit of dialogue in bookish circles this season: "No, I haven't read the whole of Wilson's 'Hecate County' yet. Just 'The Princess with the Golden Hair.'" . . .

OLD BOOK SHOP

By Howard M. Fitch

In front, to catch the passer's idle glance,
Are bright new jackets spread in neat array,
Selected so their colors will entrance
With little thought for what they have to say.
The latest mutterings of So Andso
Whose early novel won the Puny Prize—
The fascinating life of Colonel Blow
Seen through his butler's beady little eyes.
And piled in sad confusion in the rear
The former great, and those that never were,
Endeavor to defer another year
The bitter perfume of oblivion's myrrh.
And over all a thin dark film of dust—
Abandoned shadows of the once robust. . . .

CHARLIE JACKSON'S new novel, "The Fall of Valor," due in September, will cause as much tongue-wagging as "The Lost Weekend." It is the story of an unsuccessful marriage—with homosexuality the real root of the trouble. This is another book that probably will be reviewed in literary supplements and discussed on radio programs by as many psychiatrists as professional critics. Things have reached a point where one psychiatrist summed up a week's activity as "three book reviews, a foreword, an appearance on 'Author Meets the Critics'—and two patients." . . . From present indications, there will be at least a half dozen biographical memoirs of Franklin D. Roosevelt competing for public favor in coming months. Most promising at the moment: the late Harry Hopkins's (to be completed for Harper's by Robert Sherwood); Frances Perkins's for Viking; Elliot Roosevelt's for D., S. and P., and Admiral Ross McIntire's for Putnam's. A peculiar jinx has hovered over all previous books by and about F. D. R.; it's about time one came along to reverse the trend. John O'Donnell and Westbrook Pegler can be counted upon for plenty of free publicity. . . . Secretary of State James F. Byrnes has written a foreword for Harry Shumway's book on Bernie Baruch, most important publication undertaken by L. C. Page since Pollyanna was weaned. . . .

THE SLUMP IN newsstand sales and the cancellation of some extravagant advertising campaigns precipitated a sharp slump in magazine and publishing securities that were skyrocketing only a few months ago. The reaction is probably temporary, because this is essentially an inflation market, and professional traders acted weeks previously on "bad news" that just now is filtering through to the general public. I remember, however, an old story they tell about the richest of the Rothschilds. "How did all the members of your family amass such vast fortunes?" he was asked. The old Baron smiled faintly and answered, "By always selling too soon." . . . And Ed Wynn has perfected a brand-new kind of Wall Street ticker: it automatically switches from tape to rope when the bottom falls out of the market.

Bennett Cerf.

"From where I sit"

ANYONE who would rather go to a good movie than take my sober advice on a certain book had better leave now. Your hat is right over there where you left it, Jack.

Now that Jack is gone, I can tell you people in confidence (provided of course that you don't tell more than two or three thousand of your most intimate friends) about **Masterworks of Philosophy.**

Our text this evening consists of condensations of Plato's Dialogues, Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics, Bacon's Novum Organum, Descartes' Principles of Philosophy, Spinoza's Ethics, Locke's Concerning Human Understanding, Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, Schopenhauer's The World as Will and Idea, Nietzsche's Beyond Good and Evil, James' Pragmatism, and Bergson's Creative Evolution. So much for chapter and verse. Is there a lesson to be learned? The distinguished editorial board* on this book says "All these books have had a profound effect upon the thinking and activities of mankind. To know them is to partake of the world's great heritage of wisdom and achievement."

But look about you at the world's great heritage of wisdom and achievement. What do you think of it? In a few years, if those warped and wily members of our nation have not achieved their dream of war with Russia, we may look forward to a wonderful age where the little woman's thinking is all done for her by atomic pills, and everything, including your shaving razor, lights up like that old thing in the attic, what do you call it—juke something.

But shaving razor or no shaving razor, the five o'clock shadow of fear is stretched across the earth, and the reason is primarily that we do not each of us partake often enough of "the world's great heritage of wisdom." Underneath the multiple confusion which we confront today in all crucial problems, is the dominance of prejudice over reason. The **Masterworks of Philosophy** is a bible of reason. It is not important to sit down night after night and struggle through this wonderful book until you know just what each man has said about each phase of living. The important thing is to learn *how* to think, and even if your memory is a seive like mine, you cannot forget the variety of ways in which these men have thought out problems that concern every one of us.

*Alvin Johnson
Robert S. Millikan
Alexander M. Witherspoon

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Listening

A GHOST IS LAID

ONLY a very few of the traditions and taboos in radio reflect a sober and deep appreciation of the role broadcasting should and best does play in the arena of society. Most of today's rules of thumb had their genesis in the nebulous worries of network officials of an earlier day who have now gone to their just rewards in an ulcerorium. Lacking a body of policy tradition, they were forced to manufacture precedent for each new problem. Being only mortals, and suffering from the normal foreshortened vision of humans, it is to be expected that many of the dicta issued in the early days of radio were reactions to immediate pressures, rather than objective analyses of the long-range shifting of the social scene.

One of the most revered traditions, thus set up, has been to the effect that radio and the printed page are in direct and deadly competition for public attention, and that neither must in any manner or form encourage public interest or confidence in the other.

This idea, in radio, was a reaction to a preliminary stand on the part of the publishing interests. Between the birth of broadcasting, along about 1921, and the middle of the following decade, statistics showed an alarming death-rate among small-town newspapers, weekly journals, and magazines, as well as an unhealthy shrinkage in advertising lineage which the survivors were able to nail down.

The truth of the matter was that the migration from the farm to metropolitan areas, coupled with an increasing efficiency in the mechanics of rapid circulation which enabled big city newspapers to spread, octupus-like, in an ever widening circle, wiped out whole masses of people once dependent on rural journals. As far as advertising expenditures were concerned, more and more money was being siphoned from black-and-white space budgets into other forms of advertising, including radio, but just as important, packaging, counter displays, sky-writing, road-signs, etc.

Seeking an obvious whipping boy, the newspapers, and with them, the magazines, took a firm stand against mentioning the existence of radio stations in their area. In many instances papers even refused to sell space to radio programs advertising, taking the ostrich-like stand that perhaps if they didn't mention the matter, people with radio sets wouldn't realize that if they turned the knob, they could get music. And radio, reacting to that specific irritant, made it a firm rule never to give any plug to printed media. If an editor or correspondent were aired as a speaker, he was billed simply as John Smith, rather than as John Smith, editor of *The Big Newspaper.* Both contestants shared the assumption that people either read or listen —never both.

As with most of these older ideas, in actual test they have proved false. The Mutual Broadcasting System has experimented vigorously in cooperative ventures with magazines, and has found that such programs provide the happy integration of media especially valuable in these days when issues are so very clear and proposals vociferous. If it is a correct assumption that one of the most important responsibilities of radio to the people who enfranchise it is to bring them enlightenment and information in an easily digestible and dramatic manner, then it follows that radio should cultivate an interlocking of itself with other media as thoroughly as it possibly can.

Newsweek, Pageant Magazine, True Story Magazine, and *The American Mercury* are four of the once-thought-to-be-competitive instruments with whom Mutual has teamed up recently. In all cases the partnership is as simple and straightforward as going into business with your brother-in-law. He puts up the money and you put up the brains. In this case, the network gives its valuable time, the magazine provides the services of its writers and editorial thinkers, and both share the actual burden of production. The cleanest example of using this cooperative method to bring issues in the news direct to the public is *The American Mercury's* weekly show, "Meet the Press."* This program, a simple and skilful adaptation of the press conference formula to radio, is the joint creation of Lawrence Spivak, editor and publisher of the *Mercury,* Miss Martha Rountree, an independent radio producer, responsible on Saturday nights for another Mutual program, "Leave It to the Girls," and A. A. Schecter, Mutual's news and special events vice-president.

From the radio point of view, it is a definite contribution to the technique of handling controversy through forums. Periods of discussion have always been an accepted mainstay of radio programming, but until this

*MEET THE PRESS: *WOR-MUTUAL, 9:30-10:00 PM, EST, Monday nights commencing July 8. Previously heard Friday nights, co-sponsored by Mutual Broadcasting System and* The American Mercury *magazine.*

". . . The bulletin goes on to say that one hundred and sixty-five killers have escaped from the Federal penitentiary located in this town. The men are all heavily armed. The F.B.I. joins with this station in asking that everyone keep on the alert. And now for some *real* news from our sponsor."

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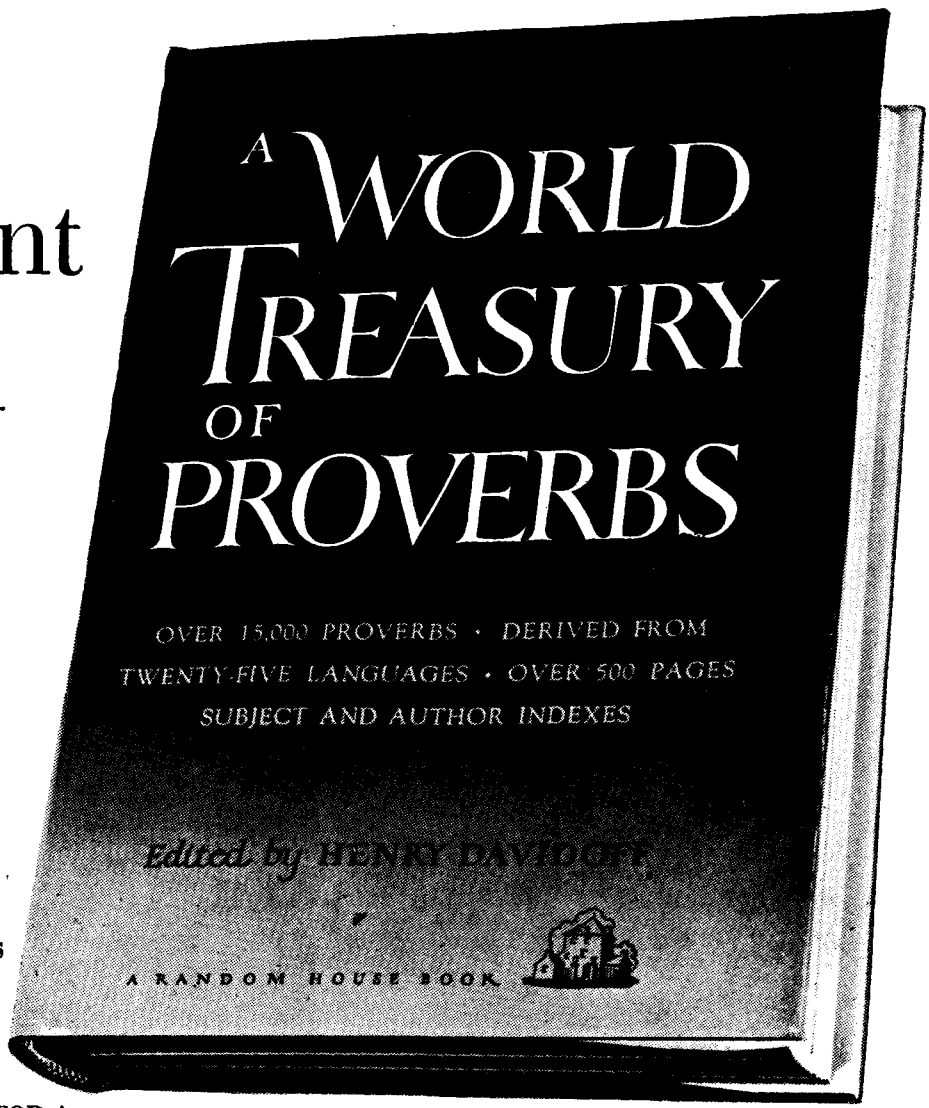
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*This proverb, for instance, we found on page 341, under PROVERBS, and indexed under "P" in the subject index, and under *Bacon, Francis,* in the author index.

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A WORLD TREASURY OF

PROVERBS

Edited by HENRY DAVIDOFF

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Jack Kilty • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
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ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
AIR-CONDITIONED. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Ralph BELLAMY · Ruth HUSSEY
STATE OF THE UNION
A New Comedy
by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
with MYRON McCORMICK, MINOR WATSON, MARGALO GILLMORE
HUDSON, 44 St., E. of B'way. AIR-COND.

"A smash hit of enormous proportions."—Ward Morehouse, Sun
MAX GORDON presents
Born Yesterday
A New Comedy by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed & Sat. 2:40 Air-Cond.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay
in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
Directed by Antoinette Perry
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8.40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Musical wow of the season." Walter Winchell
PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
EDDIE FOY JR.
Jack Whiting, Odette Myrtil, Dorothy Stone
Air-Cond. 46th ST. THEATRE—W. of Bway
Eves 8:40 — Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

program came along, neither the personality of the speaker, nor the device of audience participation, nor the excitement of the issue ever sufficed to bring the statement of one man's opinion completely to life. Short or long, the mere statement of opinion, while interesting, is not dramatic, and is more often than not the propagation of falseish information and shoddy thinking. By confronting an opinion-holding individual with four irreverent, suspicious, and often openly hostile newsmen who cross-examine him mercilessly, real reasons are gotten at, true facts unearthed, unimportant but colorful overtones are shown up as superficial, and, in the end, the listener is in a position to make his own positive opinion. He has been shielded from oratorical persuasion and protected from gaudy semantic juggling. The use of such a device makes radio actually the voice in the market place, where it belongs in a free society.

From the magazine's point of view it gives their highly trained editorial voices a wider coinage in a parallel medium. Editorial specialists, like doctors, are more than mere commercial commodities. Representing the end result of democracy's every educational advantage, they are public property, and deserve as broad an audience as can be found for them.

Looking through the book-keeper's eye at the situation, the charge that the network is giving away something that it might sell does not hold water. Financially, no magazine devoted purely to the discussion of affairs could afford such a program. Consequently, because they could never purchase the network facilities, they cannot be said to be getting favored treatment in getting the facilities for less than cost, particularly when the exploitation of the magazine's interest in the occasion is held to a minimum by the bare announcement, at the opening and close of the program, that the show is "in co-operation with the editors of *The American Mercury*." And the expense to the magazine of its share of the programs warrants at least a minimum consideration. No regular advertiser can possibly complain, for on any basis even radio's greediest customers would be uninterested if credit were limited to the sedate announcement that "this daily serial is brought to you in coöperation with the research chemists of the Blank Soap Company."

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.

John Mason Brown is in London for SRL. Seeing Things will be omitted until he returns.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
"A real hit . . . loud cheers for every moment!"—Cook, World-Telegram
Irene Dunne
Rex Harrison
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Directed by John Cromwell
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ROBERT YOUNG SYLVIA SIDNEY
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Lillian Hellman
A HAL WALLIS Production
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A Paramount Picture
IN PERSON
The Singing Sensation of 1946
ANDY RUSSELL
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RAYMOND SCOTT
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"A VERY BIG HIT."—Walter Winchell
Kern & Hammerstein's
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 8th Ave. CI 6-[illegible]
Air-Conditioned. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

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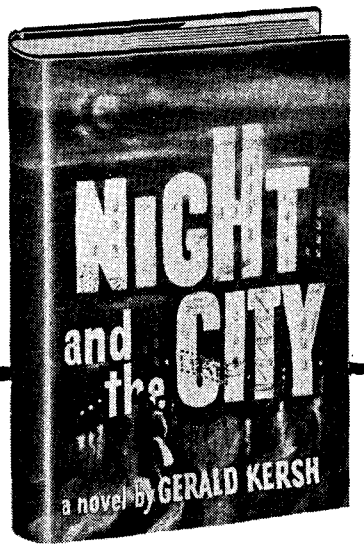
Centripetal Love

LOVE FOR EACH OTHER. By Bernard Glemser. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1946. 331 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. GLEMSER'S novel is musical in form: a series of variations on a theme. The theme is the tight, passionate family love that knits together a group of brothers and sisters, and the variations, each of them individual and vigorous, weave in and out of that central core. We move backward and forward in time; we follow one brother, Paul, to a climactic moment, then go back to trace the life of another, Robert, up to that same moment, then stop to study the lives of the twins, Ivan and Lucy. The story mounts in tension as the separate streams of narrative multiply and tangle, as they are driven apart by personal passions and drawn together by their centripetal love for each other. The main thread is that of Paul, the elder brother, who horrifies his family by his lack of conscience and his appetite for violence (he becomes involved with a fascist gang in Paris), and whose personal violence and family love fuse at the end in a ghastly and horrifying murder.

Mr. Glemser writes felicitously. With a few deft lines he can sketch in a character, and with easy multiplicity of incident he can fill in with lights and shades until the character is full-dimensioned. If anything, he is felicitous to a fault, so that we sometimes wish for a more intense examination of the roots of character. We get the effect, sometimes, that this is a sort of literary magic done with mirrors, the division of one love into five, the housing of it in five bodies that move and act and dream feverishly, yet with a life that seems to be external, borrowed, and reflected, one from the other and all from some external sun. Paul is violent and corrupt. Ivan and Lucy are dependent upon one another. Felice is intuitive and feels the crises of the others as her own. Robert is the narrator, the soberest and most disciplined of the lot. Their natures are defined by the things they do, and by that common love they bear; what we miss, when we miss anything, is the reverse and complementary action, some movement from character to action, some sense that they are not helpless particles on a hot grid. None the less, their history is engrossing, a disarmingly fresh and vital play on an old theme.



$2.75

How to be a successful night club hostess

"IF a man wants to dance, tell him that'll cost him half a crown a dance. If he wants you to sit with him, your time for the evening costs anything from a pound up. Make it quite clear you've got to be paid; but don't nag, don't harp on money. If a man offers you ten shillings, take it first and look insulted afterwards . . ."

That's part of the famous scene, in *Night and the City* in which the cynical proprietor of a London clip-joint "indoctrinates" a new employee. You'll find *Night and the City* fascinating, shocking reading. You'll agree with *The New York Times* that it is "lurid, flashy, exciting" and with the *Saturday Review* that "Mr. Kersh is wonderful to read." You will understand why this tale of two young people caught in the feverish whirl of London night life is a best-seller on both sides of the Atlantic.

NIGHT AND THE CITY

A novel by Gerald Kersh

Published by Simon and Schuster

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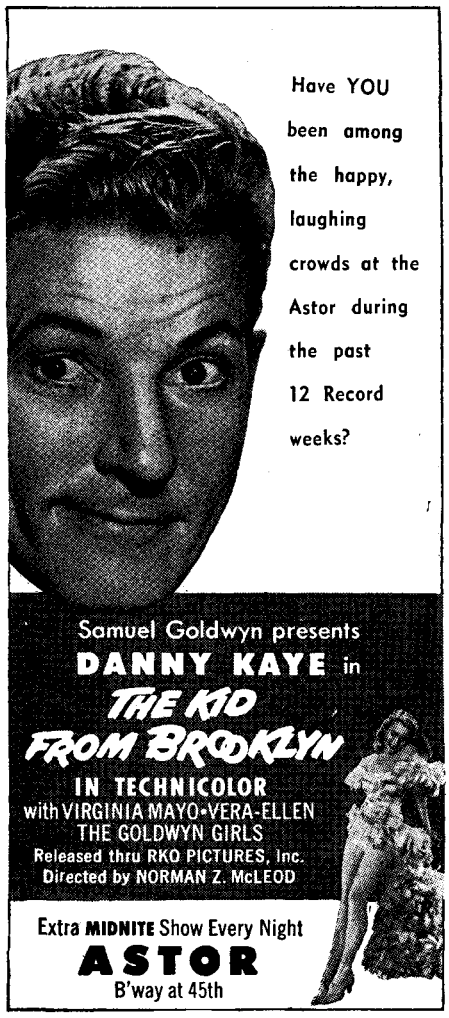
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with GLENN FORD
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S., S. & S.

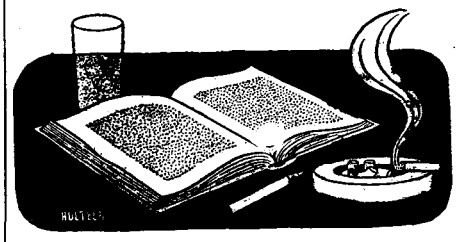
WHY YOU LOSE AT BRIDGE. By S. J. Simon. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1946. 158 pp. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN FINN ESSMORE

"THOSE Simon & Schuster boys are really clever," said my partner, bursting ebulliently into my room. "When they can't find someone to write a good book on bridge for a number of years, Dick Simon writes one himself." He held up a copy of "Why You Lose at Bridge," by S. J. Simon.

I sighed. My partner is a charming, brilliant fellow, but he has one failing—every so often he gets hold of a piece of misinformation, and only dynamite can blast it out of him. "Dick Simon didn't write it," I said. "It was written. . . ."

"Oh! I'm sure that Dick had plenty of help from those other bridge hounds at S & S," he interrupted. "But the style and selection of points



are clearly Dick's. Listen to the beginning of the opening chapter:

This chapter is a lesson in simple arithmetic.
Before you skip it let me ask you a question.
"Do you double a contract of six Spades holding two Aces?"
If you do, don't skip.
Because, like the great majority of Bridge players, you are mathematically oblivious.
And while you remain oblivious, you will never win at Bridge.

"I admit that that sounds like Dick," I said, "but—"

"Of course it does," he rushed on, "and then that point about never putting up your ace second hand when a singleton is led from dummy. Boy, will that startle the members of my bridge crowd. Imagine the face on your partner who has doubled a small slam when he discovers that you let the declarer make his king because you didn't cover a singleton lead from dummy with your ace."

"Look," I said. "The book does not say that you should never put up your ace in such a situation; it says more often than not you can win by holding off."

"I know, I know," he said impatiently, fumbling through further pages of the book. "I think the best chapter is the one that deals with the Bridge Playing Menace — the player who always misplays hands and still insists on getting into frightfully high bids." He paraphrased part of the chapter. "He says not to worry about cutting into a foursome with such a player because, if you stop to think, you'll play against him twice for every time you have to suffer with him. But the best point is how to play when you are stuck with such a partner. He advises, 'Lose the rubber as quickly and cheaply as possible. Don't do any sacrifice bidding; that's sheer stupidity; you are deliberately prolonging a rubber in which at any moment your partner may chuck thousands of points.' When you come to think of it, anybody who isn't studying to be a moron should have realized that long ago."

"Will you kindly let me finish one statement?" I said. "I agree with everything you say about the book. It is wise; it is readable; parts of it are hilarious. But Dick Simon didn't write it. Nor did anyone else at S & S. If you will look at the title page you will find that it is written by S. J. Simon, who is an Englishman. In fact, the book was first published in England."

He had gone on thumbing through the book, chuckling to himself as he did so. However, he apparently heard something of my last statement, for he did turn back to the title page.

"You mean," he said "that they published this in England first? Now why do you suppose they did that? Some new wrinkle in publishing, I suppose. But I certainly never knew that Dick's initials were 'S. J.' Where do you suppose he got the nickname 'Dick'?"

I decided to give up. After all, what difference did it make if he insisted on telling quantities of people that this remarkable book was written by Richard Leo Simon? He would promote the sale of a lot of copies, and Mr. S. J. Simon would get the royalties. What's more, implicit in the whole book is the principle that, in bridge or business, you shouldn't quarrel with your partners or care who gets the glory and the kudos, so long as you collect the cash.

"BRISK AND MERRY."—Nichols, Times
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
A Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
National, 41 St. W. of B'y. Mats. Wed & Sat.
AIR-COND.

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1945—Zowie!

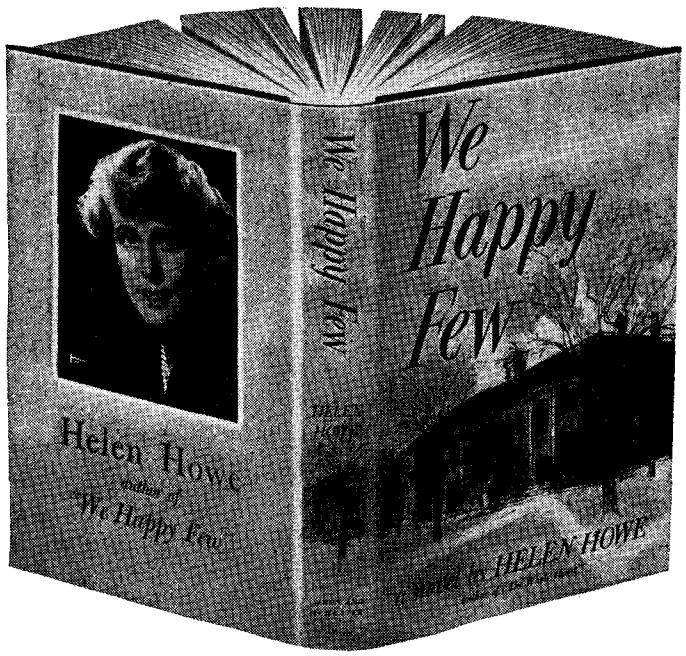
IT HAPPENED IN 1945. Edited by Clark Kinnaird. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1946. 464 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MORE happened in 1945 than in almost any other year of world history, and we should presumably be grateful for any substantial book which adds to the record. But this volume is too frankly a distillation of journalism to be given high marks. It might well be called the International News Service Yearbook; for its text has been gleaned from the material broadcast through the press by the service, with some additions from that old Hearst standby, King Features Syndicate. The result is a book which will do more to entertain and amuse than to instruct. It opens with a bang —"A President Dies in the Service of His Country"—and leafing over a few pages, we find the photograph of Mr. Truman pounding the piano while Lauren Bacall exhibits her rounded knees on the top of the instrument. The chronicle pursues a gaudily anecdotal, Sunday-supplementesque tenor to its final article on "The World's Greatest Photo" (that is not hard to guess) and a two-page spread of sketches by the "combat artists" of the Marine Corps and Navy.

The reader who wants a systematic, solidly authoritative, carefully factual yearbook will look elsewhere. He will find neither good arrangement nor thorough compilation between these covers. The stories have been jerked out of the files; that is both their merit and their defect. Whole departments of human affairs are missing. The treatment of science is a travesty on the word, that of sports is rough and ready, and that of the arts could be put in a thimble. An article on "The Geography of 1945" summarizes some of the main political developments, but with tremendous superficiality. When it comes to an account of how Mussolini was hung up by the heels, however, or of "The Bombs That Shook the World," the book gives us just what millions of Americans shook out of their newspapers at the time.

The pictures deserve a word. A few of them are magnificent; the photograph of the first assaulting wave on Iwo Jima, for example. And then the editor strikes the note that best suits the International by a picture of a blanched mother viewing the dead body of her kidnapped child at the morgue. This is a yearbook à la Hearst.



YOU'LL chuckle with satisfaction as you watch Helen Howe puncture stuffed shirts in this tale of beautiful Dorothea, the oh-so-charming toast of the Harvard faculty. Here's a love story with a satirical bite. You'll love it even if you're one of those who gets bitten.

We Happy Few

A novel by Helen Howe
author of "The Whole Heart" $2.75
Published by Simon and Schuster

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Strictly Personal

ESCAPE ME NEVER

SING SING'S library is food and drink to the most finicky. Barrabas, who was both a thief and a publisher, made it so. For more than a hundred years, a monstrous assemblage of books and magazines, pamphlets, and rococo-bound sets have poured in from lunatics, bankrupt publishers, well-meaning persons, Causes, the religious, and estates.

The result is probably the most bizarre library in the country. Books on needlepoint. Books on philately. All of Thomas Wolfe. The annual reports of the Fox and Hound Club of Virginia from 1874 to 1906. The "Digressions" of Father S. L. Martin, S. J. Fifteen years' output of the Atlantis Society. Tracts on sex, smoking, rum, the slave trade. Not horrendous, mind you. Just fabulous and without direction or trend. As though a madman had been let loose on Fourth Avenue with a fat purse and stood with his finger in his mouth, his head cocked mischievously to one side, and pointed unerringly to this and that in a splendid lunacy of selection.

Oddly, there is no decent dictionary in Sing Sing's library. An unwieldy Oxford was lifted some years ago and the pages used to fry hamburgers on a bed spring in a cell. There is, however, a Britannica, well bruised, that serves to resolve the most oblique and frenetic quarrels among inmates. Simple bets that are settled without a sock in the jaw may range from the width of the Bering Straits (when the war was on) to John Milton's use of iambic pentameter.

A kind of pathetic pride is born in the inmate not long after he is incarcerated. Through an alchemy of sorts, he convinces himself that he was once a man of parts and moved in a rarefied intellectual atmosphere. More broken heads and knifings are incited by academic bickerings than you would find at the quarterly meetings of learned societies. Rage wells up when knowledge is questioned, and the library is more of a solvent, more of a moral penicillin, than the traditional red-blooded fisticuffs in the prison gymnasium.

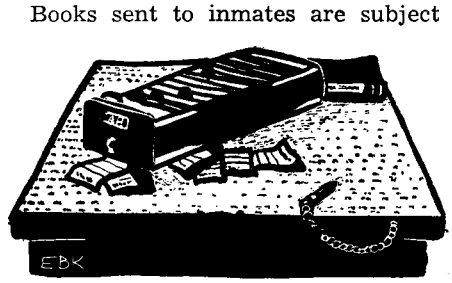
Sing Sing's library plant is beautiful. It is sunlit on all four sides; the length is impressive, and at the southerly row of casements the Hudson curves at the point and there is a feeling of the sea because you can see little land, and more of a sense of freedom than elsewhere in the jail. The windows are not barred because geographically the library building, which also houses the school, is in the center of the grounds, far from walls and machine-gun towers.

You enter through two wide doors that blow into the corridor the brackish scent of the middle Hudson, and with it comes the smell of old books, wormy books, leather. The librarians are of course inmates. Mainly, the long-termers are chosen. They may be rapists, con men, killers, or simply forgers. They are chosen by the supervisor of education, who is a thin, mild-mannered man capable of rage only when a book is stolen or overdue. He spends his working hours dictating begging letters to publishers, and was once rebuked by Bennett Cerf, who declared that the State of New York had enough money to buy books for prison libraries. The Dewey decimal system is used throughout the 27,500 volumes. There is a special cabinet for prison guards, but guards have never been known to withdraw anything from this hoard, dealing mainly with penology, Menninger, Kraft-Ebing, and Freud.

The inmate's card bears his number. No name. Four books may be withdrawn, and kept for two weeks. After that, a notice is sent with a trusty to the inmate's cell. A polite notice. The second notice is worded harshly. The third may mean the loss of ten days in good time earned.

To the right as one enters the library are the fiction shelves. Alcott and Alger to Zangwill and Zweig. There are magazine racks. Three of them. The favorite magazines are *Atlantic, Harper's, Partisan Review,* and *The Specialty Salesman.* Inmates look ahead. There are men who read assiduously for years books, say, on the operation of small craft. It's not funny. It's a man's dream, though he may have thirty years to serve.

Books sent to inmates are subject to censorship. When an inmate leaves, he must leave his books to the library. These bequests have added to the general literary dissonance as indulgent relatives have relayed along the weirdest things. The censorship is drastic. "Venus and Adonis," in a handsome edition, was not allowed in. Nor, at first, was "Forever Amber." The supervisor reserves a special closet for certain books. These are alloted only to those with the highest IQ's. Ask for Gunther's "Inside Latin America," which for some reasons seems to be regarded as subversive, and the supervisor checks your card to note your IQ. *The New Masses* is not allowed, but *The Daily Worker* is. No one knows why. Just tradition, pomp, and circumstance developed over the years.



Sing Sing's reading palate is extraordinary. Best sellers are usually frowned upon. Sex is heavily in demand, and so is James Oliver Curwood. Detective stories, except for the Hammetts and James Cains, are jeered at. Erle Stanley Gardner gets thumbs down, and E. Phillips Oppenheim is regarded as a sissy. But Sax Rohmer and Nick Carter (and there are scores of the latter, perhaps collector's items) go big. Kenneth Roberts is a great favorite, as are all the historical novelists—Costain, Dumas, Hervey Allen. Biographies are bypassed, but autobiographies are snapped up. Each inmate feels that he is a book himself, and there is an apparent transferral of the ego.

Books are heavily marked, with obscene drawings, not unfunny, and with remarks not uncritical. This is especially true of novels in which the authors outdid themselves in descriptive anatomy.

Up to about ten years ago the inmate was not allowed at the shelves. He had to consult a catalog and ask for the book he wanted. It took a kind of revolution to permit him to browse. Little harm to the books has resulted. Though he may annotate margins with dirty couplets, he is more careful of a book he may select and withdraw himself than he is of a volume not altogether of his asking.

Sing Sing's library was built with WPA funds, and has probably given more pleasure to its clientele than any library in the world. Not to get corny, and as a kind of tribute to writers, publishers, linotypers, papermakers, and binders, books have an over-the-wall-and-far-away atmosphere that cannot be obtained in any other way by the most distressed and lowliest of our society and our civilization. Three-fourths of the inmates are active members of the library. That's some sort of a record.

J. ALVIN KUGELMASS.

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Dirty Weather

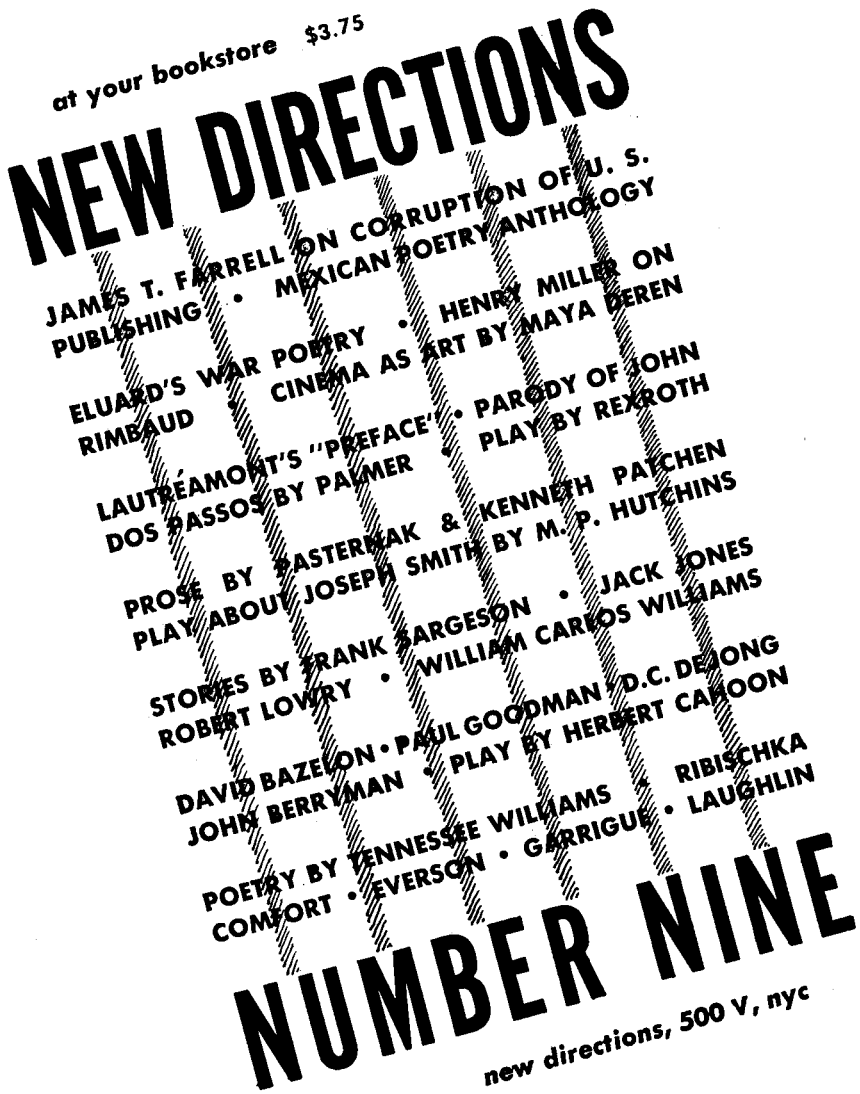
WILLIWAW. By Gore Vidal. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1946. 222 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THE williwaw, as Gore Vidal explains in this strong, simple book, is a big northern storm—a kind of hurricane with a lot of snow. And this particular williwaw which he presents to his readers and his characters on the voyage from Andrefoki Bay to Arunga in the Aleutians is one not soon to be forgotten. It is so magnificent a storm, indeed, that it ought to be easy to believe that Mr. Vidal is concerned with weather and not with war and the picture of Americans in it. Actually the war seems far off; his crew and his passengers—even the West Point major who recognized his own resemblance to Wellington—seem very puny in the wind. But there are few war books made of war memories in which the picture of people in war seems so clearly and so honestly drawn.

Mr. Vidal, of course, did not invent the device of catastrophe as an aid to portraiture. Indeed, to the pattern of the stories of storm, he has added little more than the word "williwaw." But he has not only used a familiar device with the finest craftsmanship. More important, he has brought to its use an understanding of character and a skill in portraying it which make his voyagers seem almost the elemental figures of all men at war.

Essentially it is a very simple and very masculine book about very simple things. With the exception of the brief stop at Big Harbour, where even old women can profit on worn charms (and where young Olga's greed can make a feud deadlier than the williwaw), it is a wholly masculine story of hard drinking and hard work, of all the varieties of fear, of homesickness, vanity, and courage. Mr. Vidal writes no essays about the diverse male characteristics which his men at sea show before, after, and during the storm. Indeed, his characterization is as compact as ship construction and as sturdy as Warrant Officer Evans's ship. He may be a little too gentle with the terror of his chaplain. Perhaps he unduly enjoys the pompous stupidity and arrogance of his West Pointer. He is almost as casual about a murder which would take a lot of trouble and investigating to prove as his characters are. After all, the storm is over. The man is dead. The Army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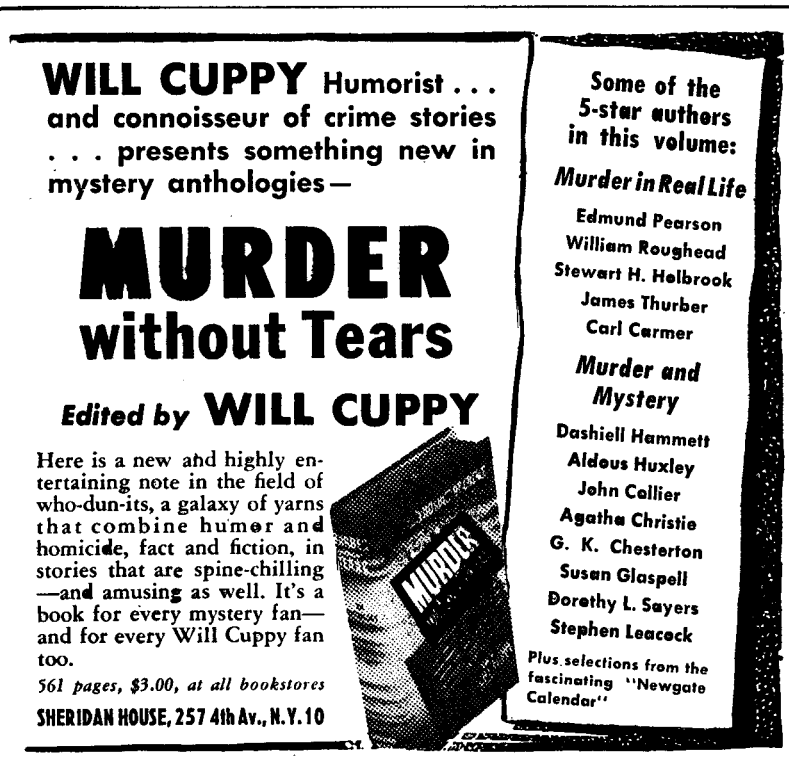
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goes on. But throughout the book there is a basic faith in the courage and judgment of the very human officers and men of the storm-battered ship.

Indeed, for all Mr. Vidal's knowledge of the ways of the williwaw, I had a feeling that perhaps his report of the ship's escape from the storm was not quite so convincing as his portrayal of those who escaped. All in all, however, "Williwaw" can be read for pure excitement. Mr. Vidal has written no creaking allegory or parable. His storm and his people are straight out of nature. Even his army men seen in storm seem even in a Diesel age at least as natural as the wind. But this is definitely not merely another book about war experiences. It is a novel of great promise by a young man whose skill as a craftsman is more important than his services as a soldier.

Villain of the Air Waves

THE BIG NOISE. By Fielden Farrington. New York: Crown Publishers. 1946. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

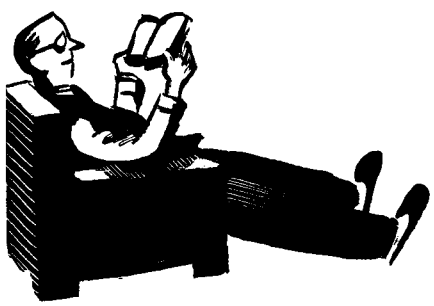
Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

IT IS unfortunate that this novel appears at the moment that another story ("The Hucksters") has just been published treating of the very same themes—unfortunate because the situation must inevitably make for comparisons. "The Hucksters" will probably be the better known: it is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection; it has been not only widely reviewed, but front-page reviewed. "The Big Noise" will probably not make any big noise at all.

Yet the book is well written; the action is fast; the tempo is high-pitched and exciting; the characters are real and the dialogue keeps the reader alert. There are continuity and style and suspense—all the ingredients of good story-writing—and yet the reader is let down toward the end, strangely enough because in dealing with a failure, the story deals with vapid, superficial qualities.

In the good old days, that villain on the stage was best who was hated most; one forgot his histrionic abilities in the degree to which he made himself one with the character he was portraying. So here. We tend to overlook the excellent character delineation of Anse Grogan because of our contempt for his miserable qualities.

Anse Grogan is a conceited sycophant who has yearnings for power and recognition. He turns his smile on and off at will; with equal ease, he snarls and engages in self-commiseration. He is a radio crooner who cribs from those who find it desirable to stand in his good graces, and credits himself with their work. Early in the radio game he learns from one of the girls in the radio field that



"honesty is the lousiest policy in this racket. . . . If you see a chance to cut the other guy's throat, cut it and to hell with him. There never was enough dough for everybody. You've got to fight for your share, and you can always tell the guy that fights fair by the knives sticking out of his back." Anse makes good in the art of advancing himself by crook (there's no time for hook). He maligns his associates and superiors to their superiors; he steals the girl of the man who is befriending him; he purloins scripts and dresses them up as his own; he tries to rationalize his efforts to evade the draft, blind to the sneers and contempt of his associates. And as he proceeds along this road, he climbs ever upward until he finally attains the position of assistant director in a large broadcasting outfit.

But even here his machinations and duplicity continue. He is a glutton for more power. The "Good morning, Mr. Grogan," "*Good* morning, Anse," "That's Anse Grogan, the director" that greet him in his office, in the restaurant, at the bar, have a vitalizing influence on him. He wants more, and still more. He meets Gertrude Stebbs, daughter of millionaire Stebbs, who is one of the largest purchasers of radio time for commercial soap operas. Gertrude loves Gertrude and Anse loves Anse—the combination is complete. Gertrude and Anse marry, she to live her life her way. The old man turns over the management of his radio accounts to Anse and sets him up as an advertising executive and agency owner. Now Anse is happy: he can resign from the radio station and order others about. He intends to dictate who shall perform and, at the same time, settle old scores.

But Anse is still unhappy and dissatisfied, for there are some simple, unaffected people on the periphery of his existence whose lives subtly and annoyingly remind him of the shoddiness of his own; he is conscious of the insincerity and covetous practices of the radio and advertising fields, the emptiness of his social world where cocktails in quantity are the reason for gatherings, the worth-while women he could have had and the frothy one he acquired. Only when he begins to sense an intrinsic value in life does he begin to feel a worth-while purpose in living and working. It's just as well that the curtain rings down at this point.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 159

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 159 *will be found in the next issue.*

GBBHBA, MNCG ALBKDA, FEHX

LPG AFBOKRG OMHD; PG

DPH DHFMW AGKBRP OHB

EGKBMA TFAL WNSG ZGMHD.

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Napoleon's Favorite Sister

IMPERIAL VENUS. By Edgar Maass. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1946. 421 pp. $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

HARDLY anyone could hear that Edgar Maass was doing a novel about Pauline Bonaparte without a keen sense of anticipation. Hardly anyone who has read the book can avoid an equally keen sense of disappointment; for it turns out to be, not a rival to "Don Pedro and the Devil," but a revival in other terms of "Forever Amber." The lady in question was, to be sure, well suited for the role. As Napoleon's favorite sister she was in a position to dispense political as well as physical favors to men who pleased her and she thoroughly availed herself of her opportunities. It is clearly within Mr. Maass's rights as a novelist to find the clue for such a character in a personal philosophy centering around a paganistic worship of her own body, though it does some violence to history, but it is clearly beyond those rights, once he has assumed such a rationalization or ratiocination on her part, to provide her with no other traits of rational or intelligent thought.

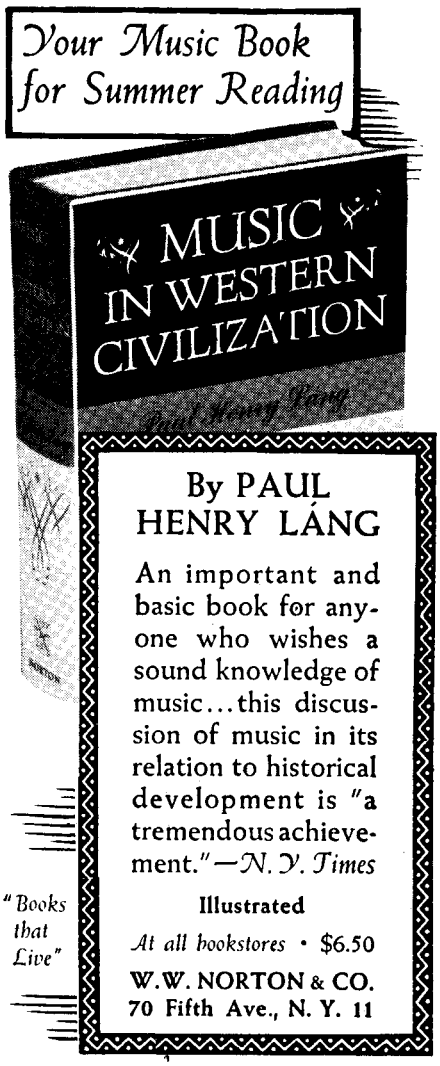
In fact, the woman he presents to us hardly thinks enough to experience emotions. The passage concerning the death of her little son, whom she left at the fever-haunted shore of Italy while she went to strut among the peacocks at Lucca, should form one of the most effective passages of the book. Actually it is one of the worst; the Pauline he gives us is neither tearful nor hard, only mildly regretful as for a lost toy.

These are defects in the approach to the subject, but the defects of manner are nearly as bad and go far toward destroying even what value Mr. Maass gets out of his material. He is very careful with his history and if he makes errors in it, they are far less numerous and serious than those usually associated with historical fiction. But he is too careful; the fiction often comes off second best. There is, for example, a whole chapter about the battle of Austerlitz, the excuse for the introduction of which is that one of the minor characters was present. (The battle contributes nothing to the progress of the novel.) Most of it is perfectly straight historical narration, for which there is no excuse except a desire to write about Austerlitz. The effect is rather like that of G. A. Henty and leaves the reader with an unpleasant feeling that he is being administered education in homeopathic doses.

In addition the technique of the movies, which has had so much influence on lending-library fiction, is also evident here. The build-up is long in every case; the emotional scene for which it has been made is over in a flash before anyone has time to feel hurt or disturbed. The entire book gives the unfortunate impression of having been produced for the market, to cash in on the reputation of a good novelist tackling a highly popular theme.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Julian West, in "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy.
2. Arline, in "The Bohemian Girl."
3. "Peter Ibbetson," by George Du-Maurier.
4. The Lord Chancellor, in "Iolanthe," by W. S. Gilbert.
5. Henrietta Brewster, in "Suppressed Desires," by Susan Glaspell.
6. Isabella, in "The Pot of Basil," by John Keats.
7. Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
8. "Scarlet Sister Mary," by Julia Peterkin.
9. Calphurnia, in "Julius Caesar," by William Shakespeare.
10. Annie Arden, in "Enoch Arden," by Alfred Tennyson.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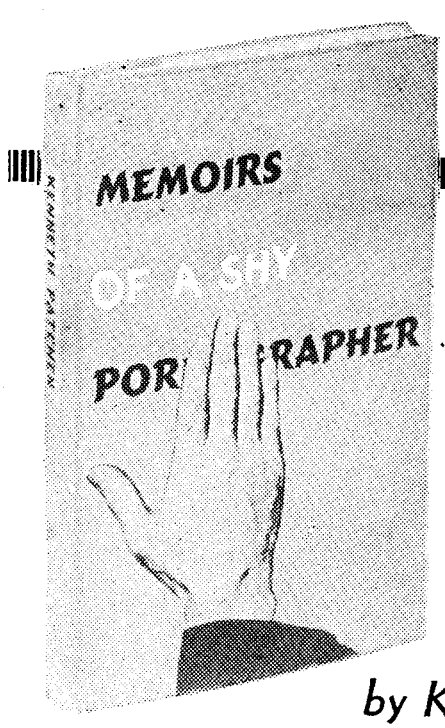

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Three Families, One Town

ILSA. By Madeleine L'Engle. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1946. 416 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE first part of this novel is quite charming. The ten-year-old Henry Porcher (pronounced "Puhshey") meets, "under the dead hair of Spanish moss smothering the live oaks," the thirteen-year-old daughter of Dr. Brandes, and is immediately bewitched by her unusual manner and appearance. Ilsa's father, a naturalist talked of up North "by people," lives down the ocean a two hours' ride from the old Southern town which is entirely dominated by the Porcher-Woolf-Silverton clan. Years before that clan has ostracized Dr. Brandes. There is tragedy behind that inveterate enmity, a love-and-class drama—and how young Henry's generation comes to learn of it, and how the shadow of that ancient tragedy hovers over the lives of them all, is one of the finest things in this fine but uneven book.

It is the long story of a man's enduring passion for a woman. It is a love story only in the sense of a medieval troubadour's song (such as may have pleased Henry Porcher's French ancestors). For in modern costume, his inexhaustible devotion, his never-demanding, never-rewarded attachment to another man's wife—who later, it appears, becomes another man's mistress—has a downright pathologic streak. Henry Porcher is just too much of a *cavaliere servente*. In fact, he seems to fade out as a protagonist the more the story of his monotonous sufferings progresses.

The insensitiveness which this peculiar love hero encounters also wrongs the heroine of Miss L'Engle's novel. Ilsa is a character with many attractive and some very lovable traits—courage, independence, sound judgment amongst them — but her stubborn blindness toward the yearning love of the man whose loyalty she accepts mars her credibility as a contemporary figure of fiction. Is her losing her sight not more than a coincidence?

That pathetic incident, however, does not take place before Henry Porcher has squandered the best years of his life in his indefatigable idolization. A mere youngster, he has to stand by when one of his innumerable cousins marries Ilsa against the clan's will. Does she do it out of aimless spite only? He is never to know, but broods over it for years, while he stays on in France after 1918 and dabbles in music. Upon his return he finds Ilsa's marriage on the rocks. A foreign actor catches her fancy. Her husband dies. And again and again Henry Porcher stands by. His departure for New Orleans—he hasn't really done any work in his father's mills in town—brings the story to an end of a sort.

The actual distinction of this book —for whatever the reader's objections to the two central characters, it is a nobly written novel—lies in Miss L'Engle's description of the clan. Each figure has his or her rightful three dimensions; and though it sometimes seems silly that, except for the servants and an occasional schoolmate, there appears to be no one in that town who isn't "a kin," the galaxy—not always a shining one—of those Porchers, Woolfs and Silvertons of all ages creates an absorbing atmosphere of authenticity. Equally well done is the touching portrayal of the continuity of character amidst the changes of times and tunes.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DANCING DETECTIVE *William Irish* (Lippincott: $2.)	Collection of short stories, some new, some old, some with sleuths, some sans, all with murders in sundry American scenes.	Short detective story, murder yarn and tragic thriller at its, or their, American best. Shivery, exciting, brilliantly plotted, deftly written.	First class
WITH BATED BREATH *Alice Campbell* (Random House: $2)	American girl takes job with British lady-philanthropist and runs into dark deeds with romantic linings.	Rather moldy English manor scene of killings, etc., with variety of fantastic characters lending zest to a slightly overlong tale.	Readable

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
SALZBURG SERENADES: MOZART, CONCERTANTE & RONDO, K. 320; SERENATA NOTTURNA, K. 239. Vox Chamber Orch. Edv. Fendler. Vox #161 (4 10")....$5	Interesting job; Serenata uses 2 groups: good effect of perspective here, but timpanum is too loud! Conc. & Rondo has fine balance wood winds and strings.	A— (some imperfect copies)	A most welcome enterprise—this is the ideal music for small company; excellent recording material, cross betw. chamber & orchestral music. Strings here are uneven, woodwinds unusually fine. Concertante & Rondo a Mozart gem.
D-DAY. George Hicks, narrator. Crown #7 (2 10" *plastic*) $3.50	This was recorded from short-wave broadcast. Dynamic range is inadequate for terrific gunfire; result: much of it is mere noise, on monotonous level.	AA (plastic)	Famous on-the-spot radio b'cast, night of D-day, including "natural" sound-effects. Alas, too many super movie war films make this real-life sound track relatively ineffective. Good as a historical document.
NO MAN IS AN ISLAND, Immortal Speeches on the Interdependence of Man. Orson Welles. Decca #439 (5).....$5.50	Much of this album's success is due to Welles's consummate mike technique. He gets variety by doing some speeches very close, in a whisper, others at a distance, shouting. Radio schools take note!	B+	This arrived too late for Documentary column (*SRL* June 15). A splendid and timely collection, Welles does a monumental job with 10 sides of uninterrupted reading. Less bombast than previously. Welles "acts" each speech, but in bas-relief; a good compromise. Superb teaching material.
MILHAUD, CINQ CHANSONS. Verna Osborne, soprano, Lukas Foss, piano. Hargail HN 650 (2 10") $2.50	Balance not good; piano is tinny, weakish; voice too close, some blasting.	B+	Charming, very French, folk-like nursery tunes. Good semi-dissonant accomp. No translation or notes provided. Compare these with Moussorgsky's Nursery Songs.

VOX

THE Salzburg Serenades album, noted above, represents the kind of album the small company should produce. The music, first, is excellently chosen. Rather than do just another performance of standard repertory (in competition with virtuoso big-company releases) Vox has wisely turned to a segment of that prodigious quantity of first-rate music waiting everywhere to be heard, while we busily repeat the same few repertory works again and again. This Mozart is representative of literally hundreds of his similarly unheard works, any one of which ranks in the total musical scale as a masterpiece.

Beyond the music there is more to commend. Most small companies ape the "biggies," hiring the fattest name they can land (usually a picayune one), plugging not the music but the name. Instead, Vox has rightly concentrated on the music. The Vox Chamber Orchestra is no name band, but rather a competent group of musicians brought together evidently for this job. Not a brilliant ensemble, it is adequate to bring out the qualities of the unusual music it records. The excellent solo wind players remain anonymous.

Finally Vox has hit on what I have long thought is the best combination for small company work—a collection of anywhere from a half dozen to twenty instruments, combining qualities of solo and orchestral performance and providing an ideal type of sound for recording purposes, and hence for listening. There is priceless entertainment from every historical period, including the present, begging for such a medium—enough to provide a thousand small companies with endlessly interesting material, cheap to produce.

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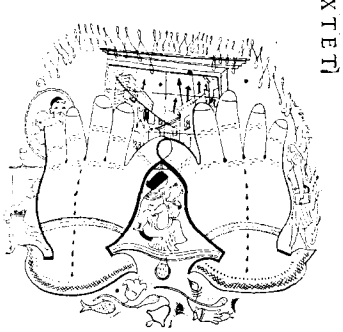

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the Phoenix Nest

RAIN

Two little calves together
Under the droop of the willow
Shivering nose to nose
Under the cold, wet sky.

They do not fear the weather
Under the droop of the willow
Yet each one surely knows
Something has gone awry.

Something that draws them together
Under the droop of the willow,
Something in small, sharp blows
Flung from a wet, cold sky.

NORINNE CHAMBERS.

* * *

The erysipelasters still continue. Waldo Peirce, that bearded pard of art, suggests "strip a lass" and "clip a lass," though he contends that he does not play those games.

A pawky man
Is Waldo Peirce.
He also quotes
Me from the Erse.

Jane Wise, of New Rochelle, asks whether Cole Porter didn't get the idea of "Miss Otis Regrets" from Goethe's mother's answer to an invitation, "I must ask to be excused as I have to die." It sounds possible. Another contrib answers John Holmes, anent the personal in poetry, as follows:

CONCERNING THE EGO

Oh, Mr. Holmes, oh, Mr. Holmes,
You late deplored the human ego;
Who doesn't? But 'tis motive-power—
At least my own is making me go.

Is not the "I" more modest than
The straight dogmatic affirmation—
Pronouncement made as from on high,
With never hint of derogation?

Of course there are alternatives,
For such as like to be dramatic,
And hide behind their characters,
Or, cautious, choose the way Socratic—

Or those whose personal vision rests
In the impersonal-descriptive,
(With personal code-adjectives!)
But I'm becoming all too quiptive.

You use the hated "I" yourself:
"What *I* dislike the most," you grumble,
Expressing thus your personal taste
Alike to poets proud and humble.

But isn't that *your* ego's shout
Potting and kettling *other* "I" men?
Well, anyway, I here proclaim,
That modest, personal bards are *my* men!

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.

* * *

And this is positively the last skin-disease comment, but Miss Jessica Farnham writes from Birmingham, Alabama:

> Forty years ago Weber and Fields were in a play (name forgotten) and one of them had lines something like this. "I had erysipelas in Mississipelas." Answer: "You had erysipelas in Mississipelas?" "Yes, I had—" etc. They kept it up for many repeats, and it was considered very funny.

And so we leave it. When I was a boy I used to go into stitches over such banter. Now I have a stepgrandson who responds to the same humor in the same manner. It takes me back, it takes me back.

* * *

CLOTHES

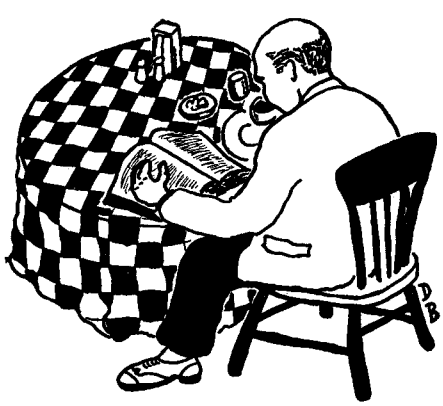
God's wrath, his glove still wears the scorn it had
When the mad Churchill wrote the "Rosciad."
You've seen clothes look that way, a flung down vesture
Frothing with an affronted lady's gesture;
Van Gogh's shoes insolent upon a chair,
Reeking with grim and paranoid despair;
A child's plaid hair-bow her blond braid let slip;
Now like a butterfly who has stopped to sip
From a wet stone, wings folded tip to tip.

BRIDGET DRYDEN.

* * *

Orville A. Williamson of Albany County, N. Y., was much taken by the poem I printed by the daughter-in-law of N. C. Wyeth, and remarks:

> *In re* his death, it often seems to me that our best illustrators have not received sufficient credit for the pleasure they have given us. Who can forget the stunning pictures by Howard Pyle and Edwin A. Abbey in the old illustrated *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, while I recall when Marie Corelli's chief distinction was that she was Queen Victoria's favorite novelist! I took great pleasure in William Hamilton Gibson's delightfully illustrated nature pieces in the same magazine.



Many a good illustrator is forgotten. There was a time when Walter Appleton Clark and F. Walter Taylor were doing fine things. Who knows them now? Or that brave draughtsman, John Wolcott Adams. Of course Abbey's drawing was superlative. On a staircase of a building uptown devoted to the proceedings of the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, there is an array of Abbey originals to make your mouth water. And I also recall that Howard Pyle was a grand writer as well as draughtsman: "The Wonder Clock," "Twilight Land," "Robin Hood," "A Modern Aladdin," "The Ruby of Kishnoor," and so on and so forth. And I have always treasured some decorations Douglas Duer, a disciple of Pyle's, did for a romantic poet I once knew well. They appeared in a book called "The Great White Wall." Duer came from Wilmington, as I remember.

* * *

Norman T. Bourland, Post Office Box 538, Pasadena, California, writes:

> I noted recently, in the William Rose Benét column, reference to two volumes by Josiah Gregg entitled "The Commerce of the Prairies." I happen to own this work and would be glad to be put in touch with someone, either a collector or dealer or both, who might be interested in making me a bid for them. They are in good condition.

Any takers? I have my own edition of Gregg. And here's a correction from Albert H. Allen of 645 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois:

> Seeing in your Phoenix Nest of May 11 a note on "a rare piece of Western Americana" sold by William Jewell College to Harvard University, I am moved to send you the correct title of the pamphlet in question, which was misquoted in your note: "Short Ravelings from a Long Yarn, or, Camp and March Sketches [*not* Camp and Marshes], of the Santa Fé Trail." From the Notes of Richard L. Wilson. Chicago, Ill. Printed and published by Geer & Wilson, Daily Journal Office, 1847, 64 pp.
>
> According to a handwritten note laid in the Chicago Historical Society copy, the writer (or compiler) of "Short Ravelings" was Benjamin F. Taylor, literary editor of the Chicago *Evening Journal* at the time, who wrote it "from the notes of Richard L. Wilson." The Wisconsin State Historical Society is also credited with having a copy of this rarity.

—So that, I think, will be about all for now.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

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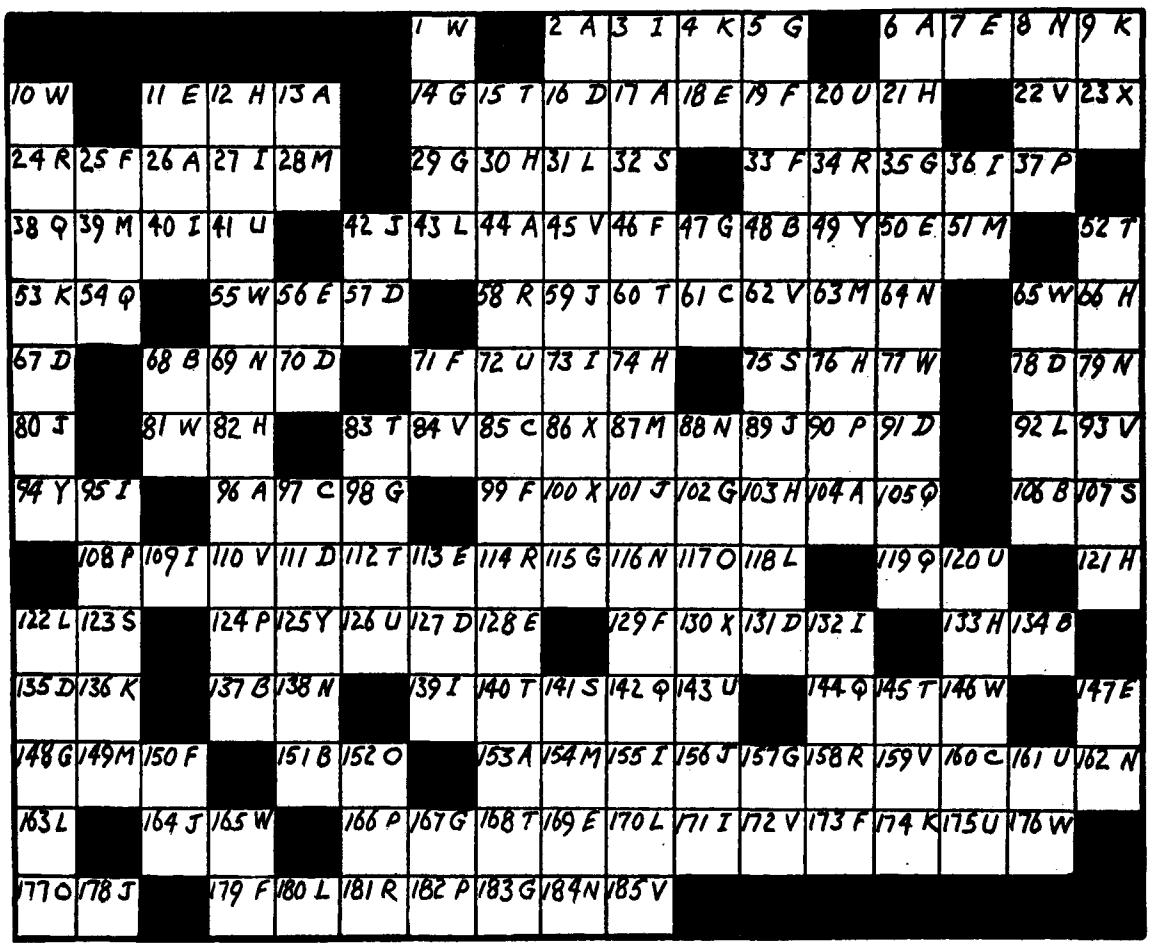
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American painter (1872-1930).	2 44 13 6 17 26 153 96 104
B. Alteration in words due to mishearing or misapprehension of spoken sounds.	151 68 106 137 48 134
C. French duke and writer, called the "last of the troubadours" (1409-80).	61 160 85 97
D. Of uneven surface (Phys. Geog.)	127 131 16 135 67 70 78 111 57 91
E. Capital of Manchukuo.	169 56 18 128 50 147 7 113 11
F. A notable "flattop" (U.S. Navy).	99 19 46 25 173 33 129 71 179 150
G. Mystery novel by Wilkie Collins (1860).	98 35 14 148 157 102 183 29 47 167 115 5
H. Principle of primogeniture in a hereditary government (Fr.)	133 66 21 30 82 76 103 12 121 74
I. Comedy by Congreve (1695).	73 3 171 109 155 95 27 40 139 36 132
J. To bicker, cavil; to be trivial.	42 59 89 80 156 178 164 101
K. Unusual first name of Russian-American pianist and conductor (1878-1936).	53 136 9 174 4
L. Scandinavians; Danes.	43 170 180 122 31 92 118 163

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Members of cenobite order of Jews in Palestine from second cent. B.C. to second cent. A.D.	154 51 149 63 39 87 28
N. King of the Ostrogoths who overran Italy (454?-526).	162 69 8 138 64 79 88 116 184
O. Money (Slang; England).	117 177 152
P. *Took notice of.*	124 182 90 166 37 108
Q. Paravanes.	38 144 119 142 54 105
R. Persisting endemically.	34 158 58 181 114 24
S. A caldron of boiling water used in the ordeal of hot water (Hist.)	75 32 107 123 141
T. Haggles about prices.	83 145 60 140 52 15 112 168
U. Novel by Benjamin Disraeli (1880).	175 143 72 41 126 20 120 161
V. Titan mother of the Muses.	22 62 185 159 84 110 45 93 172
W. Simpletons; yokels.	65 81 77 146 165 1 55 10 176
X. River in Russia.	100 23 86 130
Y. Consort of Seb whose winged image was painted on coffins (Egypt. Relig.)	49 125 94

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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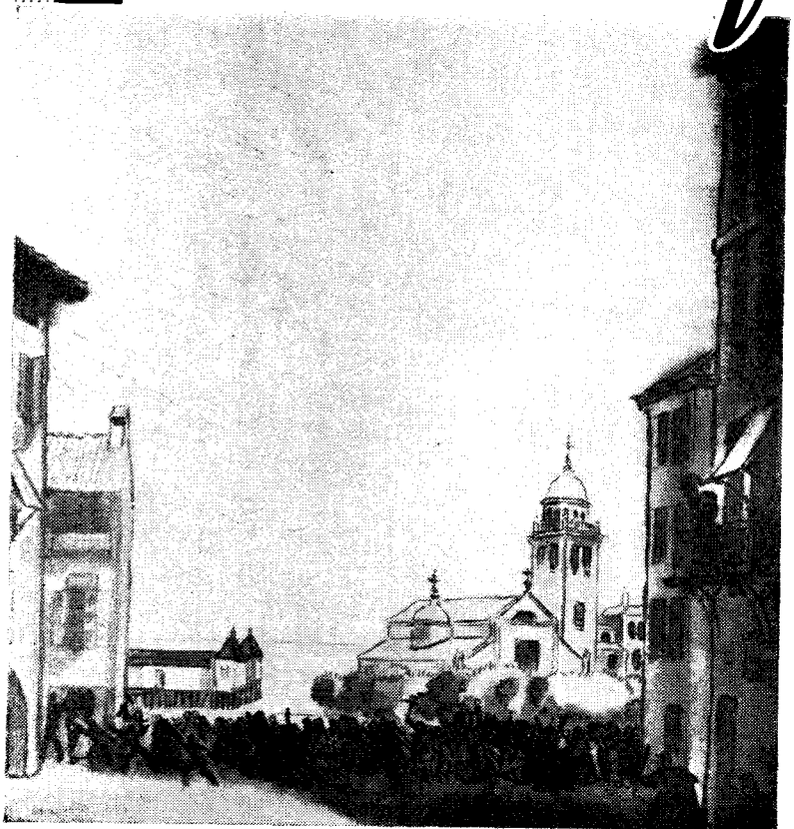
Companions OF THE *Left Hand*



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